

FRANCIS MARION RAINS

By Paul Boyd Rains



Class BX7343

Book .R3R3

Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



FRANCIS MARION RAINS



J. M. Rains

FRANCIS MARION RAINS

BY

PAUL BOYD RAINS



ST. LOUIS
CHRISTIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION
1922

BX 7343
.R₃ R₃

Copyright, 1922
Christian Board of Publication,
St. Louis, Missouri.

©Cl.A 686577

OCT 30 '22

no 1

THIS VOLUME IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO
MY STEPMOTHER

MRS. ROSE STEPHENS RAINS

WHOSE SPLENDID CHRISTIAN
CHARACTER STRENGTHENED
THE EFFORTS OF MY FATHER
AND HAS GREATLY ENRICHED
MY LIFE

PREFACE

This volume is a memoir rather than a biography. The author has attempted to present a composite word picture of Francis Marion Rains as he was known by those with whom he lived and labored. It is well as we share in the world-wide triumphs of righteousness which may be witnessed on every hand today, to remember such Christian statesmen who have gone before and prepared the way. When we confront great problems as a religious body it is well to be minded how such men dealt with similar problems through the preceding years.

The book would not be complete without expressing appreciation for those who have helped to make it possible, among whom are the following: B. F. Clay, Carter Simpson, Harry D. Smith, B. L. Smith, George W. Muckley, Stephen J. Corey, A. E. Cory, C. W. Plopper, Bert Wilson, C. M. Yocum, Bruce L. Kershner, George L. Snively, E. B. Barnes, Richard H. Crossfield, Joseph D. Armistead, James H. Fillmore, C. R. Stauffer, W. Remfry Hunt, Mrs. Paul T. Gates, and especially my mother, Mrs. Rose S. Rains, whose assistance has been invaluable.

It is with the hope that this volume may perpetuate the memory of one whose leadership has been widely felt and prove an inspiration to all who read it, that it is presented to Disciples of Christ everywhere.

PAUL BOYD RAINS,
Denver, Colorado.

April 9, 1922.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I	
THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME	13
II	
COLLEGE DAYS	18
III	
IN THE SUNFLOWER STATE	25
IV	
THE FOREIGN CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY	40
V	
RELATION TO THE MISSIONARIES	78
VI	
A DEDICATOR OF CHURCHES	97
VII	
AS AN EVANGELIST	110
VIII	
AS A FRIEND	120
IX	
THE CLOSE OF HIS MINISTRY	139
X	
HE DID GOOD IN ISRAEL	159

INTRODUCTION

It is with the sense that a great honor has been done me that I accede to the request of Paul B. Rains to write this short introduction; for I am thus permitted to associate my own name with one which has become noteworthy and dear in many places both in our own land and abroad. Indeed, it is difficult to recall a more significant name than that of the subject of this volume.

When I began to know Mr. Rains we were both young, he being some years older than I. Almost from the first of our association with each other I admired and trusted him, and he blessed me with his friendship. Since his passing I am not a little embarrassed in my practical decisions; for during more than thirty years before that event I had been wont to refer any matters of first importance in my ministry to him, that I might act in them in view of his judgment. He honored and helped many another younger minister as he did me. So it was that such younger men always thought of him not as the great secretary, not as the world traveler, not as the recipient of academic honors, not as the master of assemblies, but as "Brother Rains."

It need hardly be added that Mr. Rains was modest; for modesty is ever a part of the secret of such capacity as he had for friendship. Who

that glimpsed the relation in which he stood to Mr. McLean can forget his self-forgetful attitude toward that other mighty man of our recent history? Or who that ever noted how generously he rated the powers and achievements of younger and less known men in the ministry can escape the sense of his great and beautiful modesty?

Another trait that endeared Mr. Rains not only to his friends of the ministry but to a whole vast Christian communion was his humor. This, in him, was no mere adornment. It was rather an engine of efficiency at which thousands marveled. Results of the finest sort at which others aimed in vain, he often achieved through it. That it was of the most basic part of him became evident when he grew ill; for still he smiled and spoke such words of radiant cheer as the most of men cannot command in the flower of perfect health.

Of course Mr. Rains was an orator. He knew the art of persuasive speech. He knew how by means of spoken words to shape multitudes to great ends which he loved. He was a wizard of churchly finance. And yet his wizardry is largely intelligible. He had a universal cause, that of foreign missions, as his theme during the greater part of his public life. Besides, from the beginning of his ministry he conceived with extraordinary justice and vividness the relation of money and property to the Kingdom of Christ. And then he had a penetrating insight into the considera-

tions by which men are moved to give these things to good causes. And lastly he knew as by a kind of revelation and with great certainty who were and who were not the fittest persons to forward the several parts of the great enterprises in which he led.

How his piety was deepened with the passage of the years is well known to many of his friends. "How this man Rains has grown!" So exclaimed Charles Louis Loos one day as Mr. Rains concluded an address on foreign missions. President Loos was quite right. Mr. Rains continued to grow. Nothing more characterized him than growth.

It is good to read the story of such a man. I covet, therefore, many readers for the following pages.

HARRY D. SMITH,
Phillips University,
Enid, Oklahoma.

November 1, 1921.

CHAPTER ONE

THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME

On a farm one mile southwest of the village now known as Heekin, in Grant County, Kentucky, Francis Marion Rains was born May 7, 1854. He was the eldest son of John Rains. His paternal grandfather, who was of French parentage, had migrated from Virginia to Kentucky early in the nineteenth century, and in a trip back to that state was killed by bandits. Later, John's mother having married again, he left home as a lad of twelve to make his way in the world. He was married to Mahala Starns. Of this union, six children were born, Francis Marion being the first one to die, Ella (Mrs. A. S. Barry) of Temple, Texas, dying in the following year. Those surviving are: Dr. George Rains, Madison, Indiana; G. G. Rains, druggist, Aurora, Indiana; Effie (Mrs. Joe Gunn), Salisbury, Missouri; Ida (Mrs. T. B. Noel), Moberly, Missouri. The mother died when the children were still small and the father married again, five children being born of this marriage, all but one still living.

Francis Marion's boyhood was spent on several different farms within a few miles of his birth-place, assisting his father about the place and driving cattle to Cincinnati before the Ohio River was

bridged. Life was made harder for them all because the father indorsed a note for a neighbor and later was compelled to pay what would be a large sum even in these days, taking practically all he possessed. Francis Marion was six years old at the breaking out of the Civil War, and had vivid memories of soldiers passing along the highway. The fact that the father's brother fought on one side and the mother's brother on the other complicated matters for the little family. On one occasion they were both at home on furlough at the same time. It is not difficult to imagine the interest with which the children listened to the thrilling accounts of the great conflict. Many times during these anxious and trying years the family was compelled to flee to the woods as news of approaching soldiers reached them. They were also terrorized by Morgan's raiders more than once. While John Rains was unable to take an active part in the war, he provided in a material way for several neighboring families where the father was at the front, and this without regard to the side on which they were fighting.

The life of the family was of the simplest. The clothing was homespun, Francis Marion remembering distinctly his pride in his first suit of store clothes. He remembered, too, pouring tallow into molds for candles, and the tallow dip as well.

John Rains' home was a Christian home. He was baptized by William Garratt in 1854, at the

age of twenty-two. This was the year Francis Marion was born. This home was always the preacher's home, many of the pioneers being entertained, and services conducted there, as was the custom of that day because of the scarcity of church buildings. The family removed to Missouri in 1881, residing near Keytesville and Salisbury until the death of the father, which occurred at the home of his daughter, Ida, in Moberly, January 2, 1914, at the ripe age of eighty-one. John Rains had a strong constitution, ready wit and piercing eyes, all of which he retained until a short time before his death.

As may be imagined, the schools were most primitive. Dr. Carter Simpson, now of Covington, Kentucky, writes as follows of his recollections of those early days:

Our early and limited education was obtained in the interval from about 1865 to 1871, attending the district schools during the free school term covering a period of three months each year. Practically all the schools were taught in old dilapidated and abandoned dwellings or cabins, and in no case were those makeshifts supplied with chairs, seats, or desks. A substitute for seats was a log split, the flat side turned up and pins inserted in the round side, these serving the purpose of legs. We had no foot-rest or support for the back and it is a great wonder that the children who grew up under circumstances of this kind did not have curvature of the spine. Our writing desks consisted of a plank or board resting on two or three pins inserted into the wall of the building, and when

we took our lessons in penmanship we were compelled to stand.

About 1870 we concluded that we had about mastered the English language. We were lucky enough to get teachers' certificates and started out to teach the young minds of our locality how to "shoot", as the saying went in those days. In the fall of 1871 W. K. Azbill came to our neighborhood and held a protracted meeting at my father's house at Heekin. During this meeting, Marion and I made the confession on the same night and within a day or two were immersed in Grassy Run Creek at a point where we had spent much of our time during our boyhood days. In fact, this was about the only place we had to take a bath during the warm season. Mr. Azbill was organizing Columbia Christian College at this time, and through his influence Marion and I, with several other boys of the neighborhood, matriculated in this school the latter part of the following December. All returned home at the close of the session the following spring except Marion.

Prior to going to Columbia Mr. Rains had attended Harrisburg Academy, a small school near Owenton, Kentucky.

Dr. Simpson also relates the following incident which Mr. Rains often recalled:

Marion never let an opportunity pass without having something to say, and his improvement along this line was marked. I recall an incident that occurred at the Mt. Olivet Church when Marion was called upon to make a little talk, as they expressed it, at a social meeting and the crowd was so agreeably surprised at the improvement he had made in public speaking that the congratulations of the crowd were simply showered upon him. An old lady in the neighborhood, a shouting Methodist, whom he had

known for years, happened to be present on this occasion and her admiration was so pronounced that she could not refrain from expressing her congratulations, and as a manifestation of the same she rushed up and embraced him. He said to me some time after this that he felt so embarrassed at the time that he was at a loss to know what to say or do.

The first protracted meeting held by Mr. Rains was in the Mt. Pleasant Church in Grant County. G. W. Marshall of Corinth, Kentucky, claims that it was the most successful revival ever held in the community.

CHAPTER TWO

COLLEGE DAYS

B. F. Clay, who has been a successful pastor, secretary and evangelist, was a classmate of Mr. Rains in the College of the Bible, of Kentucky University (now Transylvania College), Lexington, Kentucky, graduating at the same time.

Mr. Clay writes as follows concerning the experience of the four years thus spent in Lexington, no doubt voicing the sentiments of Mr. Rains as well as himself:

The Christian college is something of a melting pot when it gathers young men from different states, provinces and nations to train them for preachers of God's word. These boys come from every walk in life. They come with different degrees of culture, or it may be with no culture. Some from high schools and the small colleges with a fair degree of education, but there are others who come from the poorly equipped country school of the backwoods or the hill country where opportunities for acquiring even the rudiments of an education are very poor. At least this was true of many schools fifty years ago.

Generally, these boys have one thing in common—a great moral and spiritual purpose in life. This with many of them is a passion. Such men usually find themselves when they are converted to Christ. It is there that they seriously ponder the meaning of life and mark out for themselves the course in life in which they can best serve God and man. At this time young men decide to preach

the gospel of Christ. It is not to them a profession, nor do they think of it as a ministry. Worldly ambition has little or nothing to do with their decision to preach. There is not before them even a splendid vista of useful years leading up to an exalted station in life as the fruitage and reward of their toils and trials. They simply desire to serve God in the salvation of men, and as an education is necessary to do this, they find some way of entering college where they hope to fill their minds and hearts with such knowledge of the truth as will make them efficient servants of God.

In the fall of 1874 a boy from Grant County, Kentucky, came to Lexington, and matriculated as a student in the College of the Bible. There was nothing about this boy to distinguish him from the dozens of other young men who had done this same thing. He was of medium size, weighing about one hundred and twenty-four pounds, and so were others. He had dark hair and eyes, but in this respect he was like the majority. He was clad in very ordinary clothing, but this was characteristic of the student body in that particular college. His step was elastic and quick—so was it with all other boys who came to Lexington that fall. His education was limited—so was that of many others. He was “raw”, and in this matter he had plenty of company—green, yes, but he knew it and made a joke of it, and likewise of the fellow who was disposed to look down upon him because he was not up on education or culture.

In one particular he was unlike all others excepting one young man who was his roommate and bosom friend. Both hailed from Grant County. These two men were F. M. Rains and J. S. Kendrick. They were bubbling over with fun. Wit and humor were ever on tap in their rooms. If they had matriculated in any other department of the university you would never have thought of the ministry in connection with either of them, but both of them had

come to Lexington to prepare for preaching the gospel. However, underneath that wonderful flow of mirth in each of these men there ran a rich vein of intense earnestness and spiritual power.

Each man had preached a few sermons and held some meetings in country churches. Rains had been strongly influenced by W. K. Azbill of Columbia Christian College, and by Dr. W. H. Daugherty of Corinth, Kentucky. Both of these men were great admirers of Professor J. W. McGarvey, and Rains' presence at Lexington was in a large measure due to the influence of these two friends and advisers. His great desire to preach the gospel and his lack of equipment would have put him into some college, but it was McGarvey's reputation as a teacher of the Bible that turned his face toward Lexington.

He was a good mixer from the first. The students all liked him, his fun and easy manner. However, he spent more time in jesting with his roommate than all the other students in the college. Neither he nor Kendrick was sought after because they were leaders in any other line than as fun-makers. This was their forte. They excelled all others in this regard. Everyone liked them but no one took them seriously. If a boy were "blue" or weary of study, he would slip off to their room for a visit where dull care and gloom were soon routed. While Rains joked with the boys, memory fails to recall a single sting in aught that he ever said or did. He did not wound his fellow-men though he often used great plainness of speech. He loved them too well ever to ruffle their feelings.

His method of study was quite different from that usually pursued by boys in college. Most students would sit quietly by their table with books before them, digging out their lessons. Rains and Kendrick spent much of their time reading aloud the printed page and would then ask each other questions as to the meaning of the author. It was a rapid fire, running discussion, interspersed with witty

remarks at the expense of the author or of each other. With them this method was effective, as their daily recitations compared favorably with the men in their respective classes. Mr. Rains was not regarded as a brilliant student. He, however, never failed on examinations—the dread of most boys. He was not a bookman, but in some way he gathered knowledge from every source. His contact with men seemed to be fruitful and when college days were ended he was well equipped for his life work.

It was a rule of the faculty that students could have regular appointments for only two Sundays in the month. Mr. Rains preached somewhere on every Sunday he could get away from college. He generally preached for small country churches and for small pay, but he went away from college on Friday afternoon or Saturday morning with the air of a man who had the most important charge in the entire brotherhood. On the following Monday he came in as one who had fully measured up to the requirements of the situation.

On one occasion he preached on a controverted subject in a country church near Cincinnati, and did it with so much assurance and effectiveness that a reporter for one of the Cincinnati dailies who heard him, commented very sarcastically on the sermon and the preacher, and then requested him on his next trip to discuss a very curious and obscure description of a certain beast in the book of Revelation. His friend Kendrick read the comment, clipped it from the paper, and later sprung it on Rains in a debate in the college literary society. He was for the moment abashed, as he had not seen or heard of it before, but by the time he was to reply had fully recovered. His reply was to the effect that the reporter was a sectarian and his sermon got under his hide that night. He was out there courting a girl and not seeking either light or salvation. Then he told an experience of Kendrick's that closed the debate in an uproar of laughter.

In the Philothean Society he preferred debating to any other form of literary exercise. He loved action both of mind and body. In debating he was at his best when his intimate friend, J. S. Kendrick, was his opponent. The hall of old Philothea was always a place of mirth whenever these two men were pitted against each other.

His preaching at this time was not remarkable for the scholarship displayed. However, it made a good impression. The people went to hear him and they returned home feeling better. He did men good both in the pulpit and in their homes. Very seldom could any of his flock surprise him with their wit and humor. One incident may be mentioned. He had preached on Sunday morning at Mortonville an unusually good sermon. A brother stepped up to him after they were out of the house and said, "Brother Rains, that was a fine sermon. Yes, sir, it was a big one. Where did you get it?" As quick as a flash came the reply, "I reckon it was a good one. That was one of McGarvey's best." Yet it is doubtful if on that or any other occasion he actually plagiarized. He seldom ever used another man's language, word for word, and certain it is, he never attempted to imitate Professor McGarvey, his beloved teacher, in either manner or language. If he used his thoughts he dressed them in his own style and illustrated them in his own unique way, which was well adapted to his audience. Rains preached unlike any other man; not because he did not admire and enjoy them but simply because he had his own inimitable style. He understood folk far better than most men of his years and experience.

Perhaps the day of all days in his college life was the commencement day in June, 1878. Thirteen boys were to graduate; no two of them were alike in any respect. Each was his best that day. The old Main Street Church was filled with a great audience of sympathizing friends and brethren. This was the first commencement. In a sense

professors and students were alike on trial. The great triumvirate, Graham, McGarvey and Grubbs, sat on the platform. Their work with these boys was finished. As they sat in the midst of this class there was on their faces an expression of confidence as to the outcome of the day.

The class song, "We Are the Reapers," was sung by the thirteen men who composed the class, and one by one thirteen orations were delivered. Francis Marion Rains was in the middle of the program and gave a practical speech on "The Power of Influence." When all were through speaking and the diplomas were presented the platform was a mass of flowers sent up by admiring friends to those who were finishing college and beginning life in a wider field. All were happy. One brother came up from the audience and greeted each graduate in a few words of hearty congratulations, and then walked up to Professor McGarvey and said, "Brother McGarvey, aren't you proud of this day and these boys?" His reply will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear it. "No," he said, "I am not proud, but I am satisfied with these boys and grateful to God for His blessings upon our work."

This ended the college life of F. M. Rains, who soon forged his way to the front as a leader of men and inspired the great church of God with new ideas of giving and doing for the glory of His name.

J. S. Kendrick, of whom Mr. Clay has spoken, grew up in the same neighborhood with Mr. Rains. His mother having died when he was seven years of age, and his father going to fight for his country, the young lad fell into the hands of a hard master and worked in a blacksmith shop many times until midnight. The strong attachment

which was formed by these boys grew with years of their association in college. They embraced every opportunity to be together in after years when the duties and responsibilities of life were heavy for both of them. Just a week before the death of Mr. Kendrick, April 25, 1899, he was in the home of Mr. Rains, having gone to Cincinnati to consult a specialist. It had long been understood that when one died the other was to preach the funeral sermon, and this became one of the hardest tasks of Mr. Rains' life, for he had loved Julius Kendrick as a brother. He said of him, "As a preacher of the gospel he excelled. There were few better preachers among our people." And again, "He was my personal friend for a third of a century. While we were yet boys, there grew up between us a strong friendship which was never marred. He was faithful in his attachments and the unusual sweetness and uniformity of his temper endeared him to all with whom he came in contact."

Many times in the years that followed and just a short time before his own death, he spoke of his affection for Mr. Kendrick.

CHAPTER THREE

IN THE SUNFLOWER STATE

Immediately after his graduation Mr. Rains was married June 13, 1878, to Miss Susie Field, a daughter of Dr. Sam Field of Columbia, Adams County, Kentucky, whom he had met while at school there. Miss Field was a beautiful woman with a keen intellect and received the A.B. degree in Columbia Christian College, occupying the chair of natural sciences the following year in that institution. With nothing but good health, high hopes and determination, these young people established an academy at Corinth, Kentucky. This school was continued until 1881, Mr. Rains serving the church at Corinth also. From this school went out men who have become prominent lawyers, doctors, teachers and business men.

Early in 1881, Mr. Rains conducted an evangelistic meeting in Winfield, Kansas, which resulted in his removal to that place in June of that year. Here he entered upon his duties with the zest and enthusiasm which so characterized his entire life. Here, also, a grievous blow fell upon him in the sudden death of his young wife, June 8, 1882. Perhaps this had much to do with his resignation after a ministry of a year and a half. J. H. Bauserman, at that time Secretary of the Kansas Board of Missions, wrote as follows concerning that period:

We were at Winfield the 2nd Lord's Day in December, preaching both morning and evening. It will be remembered that this church has been for a year and a half under the pastoral care of F. M. Rains. Hence, we were not astonished to find this one of the most active congregations we have visited in the state. The membership is considerable in numbers and all seem to have a mind to work. H. D. Gans and T. R. Bryan are the elders. The brethren have sold their house and bought a beautiful corner, centrally located, upon which to build. This is encouraging. But as an offset to this we were sorry to learn that Mr. Rains could not resist the temptation of the Leavenworth brethren, but removes there the first of the new year, and takes charge of the church. He is pushing matters in Winfield, however, banking the money subscribers have given for the new house, and says the building shall be insured before he changes his field of labor. The brethren give him up very reluctantly, but he promises them a good man to succeed him.

During his pastorate there were fifty additions and a parsonage was bought and paid for. Evangelistic meetings were also held for other churches during this short period.

Benjamin L. Smith was pastor of the church at Topeka, Kansas, from 1889 to 1895, and Mr. Rains was a member of that church for several years of the time, and was often heard to say that Mr. Smith was one of the best pastors in the brotherhood. In 1895 when Mr. Smith was called to be secretary of the American Christian Missionary Society, that society and the Foreign Christian Missionary Society had rooms in the Y. M. C. A. Building, and the two secretaries renewed the

friendship so much enjoyed in Kansas and which continued firm and unbroken. Mr. Smith, after a long and successful pastorate in Moberly, Missouri, is now pastor of an institutional church in Rochester, New York, and contributes some reminiscences of interest:

Mr. Rains moved to Leavenworth, Kansas, January 1, 1883, and Mr. J. P. Bauserman, brother of J. H. Bauserman, wrote soon after his coming:

“In point of population, manufacturing and commercial interest, Leavenworth is the most important city in Kansas. A combination of circumstances conspired in the past to militate against the interests of the church here, chief of which was the resignation of J. B. McCleery as pastor, who commands the love and confidence of the entire membership. There is no discord among us. With one accord all are interested in the good work. We are confident that great good will be accomplished. There is a growing religious interest developing all over this young giant state of ours, and we are determined to keep abreast of this current of life.”

Note the fierce competition between cities in those early boom days in Kansas. One did not need to prove to Kansas that it was the greatest state in the union—she admitted it. It had been “bleeding Kansas,” but in the eighties it was “leading Kansas,” and the fortunes lost in “booming” Kansas were only equalled by the money now being lost in oil speculations. Into this booming Kansas—and Leavenworth—came Mr. Rains, and the Leavenworth boom lost nothing by his coming. He remained in Leavenworth one year, resigning the pastorate to accept the call as corresponding secretary and State evangelist of Kan-

sas, under the direction of the Kansas State Board of Missions. He never again served as pastor, but passed from state secretary to secretary of Church Extension, then to the Standard Publishing Company; later becoming secretary of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society.

His work as pastor was that of a young man full of zeal and energy from 1876 to 1884—at Corinth, Kentucky, at Winfield, Kansas, and at Leavenworth, Kansas.

The characteristics of these pastorates were three: First: Intensely busy with hard work, he was blessed at that time with robust health, youth, wonderful vitality and energy. He never shirked hard work, then or later. He endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and was a marvel to others for his intense labors for the work in hand. That spirit characterized his work as pastor, for there was not a lazy bone in his body. Second: His work was characterized by careful and skillful administration; guarding and advancing the affairs of the churches. Mention has already been made of the fruitful work done during the short pastorate at Winfield. At Leavenworth he remodeled the church building and made it far more attractive and convenient. Rains was a born administrator. Third: His preaching was strong and practical. He was not a mystic. Coming from Kentucky University and the Bible College, it was of course strongly doctrinal. How could it be otherwise? He believed and therefore spoke the words of strong conviction and power. Mr. Rains' preaching was never offensive. In manner he was always friendly to those who differed from him both in belief and practice. He quoted frequently Lincoln's adage, "God must have loved the common people; he made so many of them," and Rains loved too much to give unnecessary offense.

Mr. Rains' humor was contagious and delightful. It is a rare and pleasant memory. I well remember his frequent

quotation of the Limekiln Club, described in a series of humorous articles written in negro dialect which appeared in the *Detroit Free Press*.

Thus my friend went forward to his destiny. He had the happiness of a sound body; the joy of full lungs, dreamless sleep, good appetite and busy days. This was the benediction of health.

He had the joy of doing good work with body and brain, seeing the beauty of work in the way he met it, not as an enemy to be conquered before night, but as a friend who made him feel at evening that the day was well spent. This was the benediction of work.

He had the happiness of an open mind, the delight in new truth. He was obedient to the highest callings of truth, to the heavenly vision of duty, and was blest with the best truth this world can give. This was the benediction of the open and growing mind.

He had the happiness of the heart, the luxury of many friends. Being helpful to others he reckoned his gains by the friends whom he helped and was always more ready to suffer than to inflict burdens. This was the benediction of friendship.

He had the happiness of a contented mind, the grace of accepting life's courses without bitterness, its crowns without vanity. He greeted each day with a cheer for its opportunities; being able to say, "Jesus Christ and I are friends." He believed in the Father's house at the end of the road and looked forward to His welcoming smile. This was the benediction of the Christian.

The following taken from a paper published in 1883 shows what Mr. Rains thought of the responsibility of the minister:

It can be safely said that almost all our failures in church work are attributable to preachers. Do you know

of a church that has been properly taught and admonished to aid mission work? Let the preacher show the scriptural teaching on this subject and the honor in advancing such a cause, and the church will at once take hold and help.

When the preacher urges the necessity and importance of prayer meetings and Sunday schools, the church will sustain both, and that well. If the preacher seeks to make both interesting—tries to make both instructive and edifying—the church will soon see the source of spiritual strength and follow the example of the preacher in enhancing their interest and efficiency.

What I have said of missions, prayer meetings and Sunday schools is equally applicable to church work. A preacher who is merely a time server will be mortified to see his church the same. But if he shows a deep interest in all the departments of church work, so will his congregation. There is no excuse for a preacher not making his people zealous in every good work. This is his life work. He owes it to himself, to his brethren, to the world and to God. The responsibility of a preacher is measured by his opportunities. And this is true of all Christian workers. There is a great demand for preachers who are workers and instructors rather than drones and sermonizers. No good workers are looking for a field, but on the contrary the fields are looking for the workers. Of course, they must be men of acceptable ability as preachers and men of marked piety, but this is not all by at least a half. They are expected to lay out the work, appoint the workers, and then see that it is done. To do this does not require a great amount of brains but a large measure of that of which so many are destitute—common sense. My brothers in the ministry, our responsibilities are great. Are we equal to them?

Mr. Rains was called from the pastorate at Leavenworth after a year to be the State Secretary

of Kansas. In 1901 after passing through Kansas on his way west, he wrote as follows in a letter to the church papers:

When we reached Kansas I fell into a reminiscent mood. Twenty years ago I went from Corinth, Kentucky to Winfield, Kansas. In 1881 we had about 5,000 members in the state and less than twenty-five church buildings. We were rich, however, in a number of clear-headed, vigorous and consecrated preachers. The first state convention I attended was held in Salina. Pardee Butler, John Boggs, J. C. Sevey, R. L. Lotz, C. J. McKinney and J. W. Randall were there. These have been called to their reward. These men, with their associates, laid the foundations broad and deep for an almost unparalleled growth in just a few years following. These were men of one thought, and that thought was the gospel. They were mighty men with strength equal to their convictions. They knew the meaning of hardships. These men preached the gospel in season and out of season. They helped to plant a type of churches that for purity of faith and life, for vigor and enterprise and for clearness and breadth of vision are probably not surpassed anywhere. These churches were born with a robust missionary spirit; missionary men and the missionary spirit gave them being. More churches in Kansas contribute annually for foreign missions than in some states where we have double the number of churches.

For a time I served the churches as state secretary. It was a delightful work. There was a great influx of our people from other states. Churches and houses of worship multiplied rapidly. In little more than one year, forty-one new houses of worship were completed in the state. Here I saw and felt the need of a Church Extension Fund before we had such a helpful agency. Alexander Elliot, now of Chillicothe, Missouri, was president of the Kansas State Board of Missions when I was elected. He said we should

plant churches in centers like Topeka, Lawrence, Wichita, Hutchinson, Wellington, etc. My first duty, therefore, was to go among our weak churches in the state and raise money to help do this work.

One of the first places visited was Ft. Scott. W. Chenault was there and he is still there. He gave me \$500. This was a great help. The preacher of the church at that time was opposed to securing money from the church for missions. He has dropped out of sight long since. Any preacher that opposes missions or proves indifferent is doomed. He may shine as a star of the first magnitude for a time but his light will go out. Missions is the rock on which so many preachers make shipwrecks of their usefulness. It requires labor and tact to educate a church in missions.

To show the diversified character of the work of the state secretary and evangelist at that time, as well as the appreciation of the churches, we give the following, taken from one of the church papers:

F. M. Rains, State Evangelist of Kansas, raises money to employ preachers, raises money to build churches, takes pledges for missionary work, helps the weak churches, stirs up the strong churches, fosters the Sunday school work, helps the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, organizes churches and district work and keeps everybody in a good humor and at work.

WHITING—F. M. Rains came to our place and preached to a good audience. His sermons were eminently practical, thoughtful and instructive, and were delivered in a style to make a lively and lasting impression upon the hearer.

We want to tell Mr. Rains that he has done us a great and lasting good, not only by his excellent sermons but by his social intercourse as well, for he is as much of a success socially as otherwise. We did not do near as much for Mr.

Rains as he did for us, but we think it can be truthfully said that we did what we could.

The brethren, so far as I know, are abundantly satisfied with our state evangelist and think that he is peculiarly fitted for the position which he occupies. I want to say to the preachers of Kansas that if you want to feel good, get Mr. Rains to come and see you and your church. He has helped me. I think he can do for every congregation what he has done for us. With F. M. Rains at the helm, the state work will boom.—J. W. Mitchell.

ARKANSAS CITY, KANSAS, March 9, 1886.—We had with us the first Lord's Day in March, F. M. Rains, our State Evangelist. He came among us as the early sunbeam of spring, gladdening all our hearts by his cheerful, Christian manliness and by his plain, practical way of presenting the state work. Mr. Rains possesses and exercises that happy faculty of cementing ties between preacher and congregation. We feel strengthened by his visit in Kansas, and hope he may continue his good work until all Christ's churches in Kansas may be as one family united together by strong ties. A visit from Mr. Rains is a safe investment.—J. P. Witt.

Mr. Rains was in Kansas during the fight for prohibition of the liquor traffic in that state, and on the platform, in the press and wherever possible used his energy, enthusiasm and influence to make that state dry. It was always a source of satisfaction to him to remember that he had even a small part in that task, and his last days were made happier because of the knowledge that the whole country had followed the example of Kansas in this respect.

In 1884, Mr. Rains was married to Miss Lovie

Boyd, a graduate of the Normal College of Carbondale, Illinois. She was a very devout Christian woman and a great help to Mr. Rains in his work. She was much interested in the work of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. Mrs. Helen E. Moses, who later became National President of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, wrote as follows concerning her work in Kansas:

She was our Auxiliary President and Mission Band leader. She also held the office of District Manager and later of State Secretary. Although her health was delicate and her responsibilities far from light, she gave her work whole-hearted devotion, serving its needs when pain and weakness were pressing hard upon her. Many times have I gone to her home and found her in bed, suffering greatly, yet with writing material in hand answering auxiliary letters or writing to urge our uninterested sisters to a living participation in our women's missionary work. I remember once finding her in great pain yet with a radiant face. When I asked her the cause of her evident joy, she said: "My Mission Band met with me today and one of my older boys remained after the others had gone, to tell me that he had decided to give his life to Christ in the special way of becoming a minister of the gospel." "Oh!" she said, after she had told me of the tenderly sacred interview "If my son should live to so dedicate his life to God, how happy I would be!"

After locating in Cincinnati, Mrs. Rains was instrumental in organizing an auxiliary to the Christian Woman's Board of Missions in the Walnut Hills Church of that city.

To this union were born two sons and a daugh-

ter: Ernest Errett, who is in the fire insurance business in Oklahoma City, and has a son, Francis Marion, eleven years old; Paul Boyd, an ordained minister, for several years Northern District Secretary of Religious Education in connection with the American Christian Missionary Society, and later the United Christian Missionary Society, now Director of Religious Work of the Y. M. C. A. in Denver, Colorado. Paul has a son, Gregg Bedford, aged three, and a daughter, Marian Mize, named for her two grandfathers and now a year and a half old. The daughter, Elva, who was the second child, died at the age of ten, two and a half years after the death of her mother, which occurred April 14, 1897. These deaths, following anxious and loving care of months, left their mark upon Mr. Rains, but with singleness of purpose he hid his grief with his ever ready smile and took up the burdens and responsibilities of the work to which he had dedicated his life.

While organizing and dedicating churches in Kansas as State Secretary, Mr. Rains realized the great need of a Church Extension Fund. G. W. Muckley gives the following account of his call to this work and something of what was accomplished during his term of service with that board:

F. M. Rains was the pioneer in our Church Extension work. He really started the work. It is true, that in the National Convention at Cincinnati, in 1883, a fund was started with a few subscriptions which brought a cash sum of \$4,711.83 in three years. However, at the National

Convention held in Kansas City, in 1886, the real forward movement began.

A committee acted promptly in securing a secretary, and in October, 1887, F. M. Rains, of Topeka, Kansas, became the Secretary of the Board of Church Extension. By his energy and untiring devotion, the receipts to the fund were increased by over \$7,000.

The Committee had been doing most diligent work, but its business had not been to make appeals for money to build up the fund. Up to October, 1887, the four years' work of the Committee showed that total collections for the fund amounted to \$5,648.83, and twelve loans had been made in nine different states.

The National Convention, which was held in Springfield, Illinois, in October, 1888, was so pleased with the results of a special secretary of this fund, and was so impressed with the growing demands of the work, that it recommended the creation of a separate Board of Church Extension, to be elected annually, which should have entire charge of the fund. Accordingly, Article VII of the Constitution of the American Christian Missionary Society was enacted which provided for the Board of Church Extension of that society.

At that Convention, \$10,662.80 was turned over to the Board of Church Extension, whose headquarters were placed in Kansas City, Missouri. This creation of a separate Board of Church Extension, located in the heart of our Brotherhood, where most of the funds would be needed in loans to help new mission churches secure their first church homes, was the promotional work of F. M. Rains. His idea was that through a separate board more emphasis could be put upon this very necessary work. The wisdom of this has been proved through the years. Had we not thus emphasized this work, we would not have this fund of \$2,000,000 today.

In February, 1889, Mr. Rains secured a \$5,000 Name

Fund from Mr. F. M. Drake, and in the following October of 1889, the Standard Publishing Company Fund was also secured by him. The Name Fund idea grew until now there are thirty-four such funds, which by going and returning, have built nine hundred and eighty-seven churches.

A Name Fund consists of \$5,000. All interest at four per cent is added. This fund compounds itself semiannually, since interest is paid semiannually by the borrowing churches. Each Name Fund is kept in a separate account showing the donor what his fund is doing every year and through all the years. Thus the F. M. Drake Fund has built ninety-three churches since 1889. This Name Fund idea originated in the mind of Mr. Rains and he secured three such funds during his secretaryship.

In the Convention of October, 1890, Mr. Rains recommended that the Board take annuities at six per cent from people fifty years of age or more. Thus began the Annuity feature of our organized work, which has been so helpful to all departments.

The Board of Church Extension alone has \$659,000 in its Annuity Fund and this has aided in the erection of three hundred and eighty-two churches. The beauty of the Annuity Plan is that a man can administer upon his own estate and see his money working while he is alive. At the same time, it is also earning him an income at six per cent with no loss and no taxes.

Mr. Rains' secretaryship lasted three years, but during that time he so impressed our brethren with the Church Extension idea and with his promotional ideas, that his name will always be remembered in connection with this work which has grown so satisfactorily during thirty-three years.

In the fall of 1890 we find items in *The Christian-Evangelist*:

There will be sincere regret on all hands that Mr. Rains gives up the work of Church Extension. No one could have done a better work than he has done.

F. M. Rains, the successful pusher of the Extension Fund to its present triumphs, has resigned his secretaryship to rest from such arduous labors. It may be no secret that he will work in the interest of one of our church's great publishing houses.

Mr. Rains was a devoted admirer of Isaac Errett and did field work for the Standard Publishing Company for a time. During this period he had a severe attack of typhoid fever, being unconscious for thirty days. It was thought that he could not get well, but careful nursing, wise medical treatment and the prayers of his friends availed much, and from a slender man of one hundred and twenty-four pounds he came to be a man of large physique weighing as much as one hundred and eighty-nine pounds, with a strong constitution which served him well in the strenuous work of his after life.

In 1891 he was called to Cincinnati as president of the Standard Publishing Company, which position he held for two years.

In leaving the work of the Church Extension Board, Mr. Rains was naturally anxious as to his successor. It was natural, too, that he should consult Isaac Errett about the matter. Mr. Errett at once suggested G. W. Muckley, who had done a fine piece of work at the Fergus Street Church (now Northside), Cincinnati. It may be said

that Mr. Muckley was perhaps the first minister among the Disciples of Christ to put a religious paper in every home of his congregation, the church board paying for those who felt unable to subscribe for themselves. That Mr. Muckley has been eminently successful in his work as secretary is evidenced by the fact that the Church Extension fund has now reached nearly \$2,000,000.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE FOREIGN CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY

While serving as President of the Standard Publishing Company, Mr. Rains was elected a member of the executive committee of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society in 1892, succeeding ex-Governor Bishop, who had just died, as Vice-President. Mr. Rains had planned to leave the organization work that he might lead a quieter life and spend more time with his family. However, he realized the great need for another secretary of the Foreign Society. The executive committee had been corresponding with several men with a view to taking the work, but had been unsuccessful. A. McLean, who was the first secretary to give his whole time to the work, had labored alone for eleven years. The receipts had grown to over \$58,000, and there were sixty-five missionaries in the various fields. Having once accepted the work as Financial Secretary in 1893, Mr. Rains seemed to have adopted as his motto, "This one thing I do," and for twenty-six years gave every ounce of his strength and dynamic energy to the extension of the Kingdom to the uttermost parts of the earth. In 1897 he became Treasurer and in 1900 was elected Cor-



Taken in 1910 at Cincinnati just before
leaving for a world wide visit to
our mission stations

responding Secretary, but whatever his title, his duties were practically the same.

Mr. Rains, as a student in the Bible College at Lexington, had attended the national convention in Cincinnati at the organization of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, in 1874, and was also present at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1875 when the Foreign Christian Missionary Society was organized. He and A. McLean were interested observers of all that transpired, neither having any idea of the important place they were to fill in the future work of that society.

The first mention of his name in the minutes of the national convention is in connection with a report of the Committee on Obituaries of which he was a member in 1887. This was the convention at which he was elected Secretary of the Church Extension Board. This year he became a Life Member of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, and later on a Life Director, taking special pleasure, by his contributions from year to year, in making wise and influential pastors Life Directors also.

Mr. Rains was on a committee in Louisville in 1889, looking toward a plan for congregational contributions, at which time it was recommended that the offering for foreign missions be taken the first Sunday in March, instead of two offerings as formerly, the first Sunday in March and the first Sunday in September. The first Sunday

in March came to be the high day in Mr. Rains' life. His time, thought and energy, without stint, were given that this offering might be a success. How anxiously he scanned the weather reports, and how eagerly he watched for the reports to come in! In those early days, when there was no church budget and little conscience on the subject of missions, if the special day was not observed, the offering was apt not to be taken at all.

In the early national conventions it was a custom to raise money from the platform. In *The Christian-Evangelist* we find the following in the report of the convention at Springfield, Illinois, in 1888:

F. M. Rains is a prince of solicitors. When he appears before an audience it is accepted as an irresistible demand for the people present to turn their pockets inside out.

* * * * *

F. M. Rains, "God's beggar," never misses a convention unless he is sick, and he is becoming an indispensable factor in raising funds. He has made it a study and knows how to do that kind of work. His talent was brought into requisition more than once and he never fails to respond and to make others respond.

As early as 1891 he was a member of a committee to confer with similar societies looking toward closer unification of the work of the different boards. The first record which can be found of his appearance on the program of a national convention is in 1891 while still in Kansas, and in 1892 he spoke of "Importance of Pre-Announcement of Offerings."

We publish a note from Mr. McLean written for *The Christian-Evangelist*, as well as an editorial comment:

The Foreign Society has secured the services of F. M. Rains, who will enter upon his work September 1. He will be financial secretary, thus leaving the present secretary free to give more attention to the fields and editorial work on the *Missionary Intelligencer*. The new secretary is as well known as any man in the brotherhood. He has demonstrated his fitness for this position. He will do the society good service. Under his wise management and enthusiastic and energetic driving it is confidently believed that the receipts will increase by leaps and bounds, and that the society will enter upon an era of unexampled prosperity.

* * * * *

The new departure of the Foreign Society takes the hustling Rains from the Standard Publishing Company and makes him financial secretary. This is a wise move and the Foreign Society is to be congratulated in securing the services of so competent and so well known a man as Mr. Rains. He no doubt will be able to turn into the treasury annually several thousand dollars.

The calling of a new secretary was a venture of faith, but was fully justified by the steady increase of receipts. Many years he earned enough through the dedication of churches to pay his entire salary.

To show the strenuous life he led from the beginning of his secretaryship we give the schedule of dedications for a few months as it appeared in the *Intelligencer*:

1893

- October— Butler, Missouri
Hedrick, Iowa
Lincoln, Nebraska
Sadieville, Kentucky
Oskaloosa, Iowa
November—Prairie City, Iowa
Odessa, Missouri
Columbia, Missouri
December—Raritan, Illinois
Athens, Ohio
Cincinnati (Fergus Street), Ohio
Shelbyville, Missouri
Maryville, Missouri
1894

- January— Augusta, Kansas
Delavan, Illinois
Osceola, Iowa
Rushville, Indiana
Washington, Pennsylvania
February— Frankford, Missouri

We note that he raised \$42,000 in the dedications in October, addressed three state conventions, and delivered six other addresses.

That this strenuous program was continued almost to the end, is shown in the following extracts from letters to Mrs. Rains.

Longview, Texas.

May 13, 1912.

A trainload of strawberries was ditched on our track so that we had to go more than 100 miles around to go at all. Here we are, six hours late. Will not get into Houston until Tuesday morning, just in time to speak,

if then, and no rest before speaking. See? Well, such is the lot of a "traveling man."

Hope you had a good Sunday. Mine was lonely. It is a great thing to be able to be at church every Sunday.

Hope Paul came out all O. K. at Latonia. Tell him I was thinking of him.

I will leave Houston for home next Friday morning. If I could go by way of New Orleans would start Thursday night after speaking, but the high water over that way will not permit.

It is going to be a busy week with me. The folks may eat me up.

Affectionately, your husband,

F. M. RAINS.

Owen Sound, Ontario.

May 30, 1913.

It is eleven o'clock at night, am just going to bed. Had a hard, busy day.

I get up at 4:30 tomorrow to get a train and go by way of Toronto and Buffalo to Ashland, Ohio, where I am to be on Sunday.

Hopkins (Robert) has been good to me and helped me much. He is a dear man. Wish I could see you and Paul.

Omaha, Nebraska.

September 17, 1918.

Had a great day in Boston on Sunday. They gave me a fine reception. Left Boston at 4:45 Sunday afternoon and reached here at 4:00 P. M. It was a long trip but the trains were good.

I spoke in Boston three times. Have invitations to visit a number of churches in New England.

Paul and Clara were at the train to meet me and are looking well. Her supper tonight was simply fine. She is a Number One cook and housekeeper. I am delighted with her.

Say, the news from France is great and no mistake

Many have written concerning the beautiful friendship which existed between Mr. McLean and Mr. Rains during all the years of their close association. Each recognized the ability of the other in his line of work and from the beginning they were true yokefellows. There was no question of seniority, and this principle obtained as other men joined them in the work from time to time, no doubt accounting for the harmony which always prevailed in the Foreign Christian Missionary Society.

The convention of 1894, recognizing the need of a first-hand knowledge of the fields on the part of the secretaries and wishing also to show the appreciation of the Brotherhood for the self-sacrificing labors of Mr. McLean, recommended that he spend a year visiting the mission fields. Accordingly, he left America in the summer of 1895, returning in August of the following year. Mr. Rains cheerfully agreed to carry the burdens and responsibilities of the work in his absence. That he did good service is shown by the fact that the receipts showed a marked increase over the preceding year. In addition to the office work he attended conventions and dedicated a number of churches.

In 1898 Mr. Rains, accompanied by S. M. Cooper of Cincinnati, Treasurer at that time of the Foreign Society, and a member of the Executive Committee, visited Cuba with a view to opening

work there. Shortly afterward a station was opened in Havana.

In July, 1898, Mr. Rains was married to Miss Rose Stephens of Cincinnati, formerly of Paris, Kentucky. The family consisted of Ernest, thirteen years of age; Elva, nine; and Paul, three and a half. Mention has been made of the death of Elva at the age of ten. Mr. Rains' home was his castle, and his happiest hours were spent there. Nevertheless, no call of the work was unheeded and nearly every Sunday was spent away from home, while frequently he was absent for weeks at a time.

Mr. Rains suffered a stroke of facial paralysis in February, 1900, from which he was months in recovering. In spite of this affliction, he insisted on going to Kansas City through a severe snow storm when all wires were down and street cars had stopped running, to conduct a Silver Jubilee service, of which the following account is given:

With no disparagement of the contribution of others the deepest and most abiding inspiration came from the addresses of F. M. Rains and G. L. Wharton. Mr. Rains came to us though his physician had ordered him to give up his work, and with Spartan heroism took up the burden of his work. His presence under such conditions stirred all hearts. We felt like we had not only heroes and martyrs in the foreign field but hero and martyr stuff too in our consecrated secretary. His address was one of fervor and of power, and the chords of the heroic in us all, though perchance long slumbering, were touched to answering nobleness.

In 1903, enroute to England, Norway and Denmark to visit and encourage the churches in those places, Mr. Rains stopped off at Buffalo to attend the state convention. Stephen J. Corey was at that time State Secretary. As he made his report in the convention and presented some plans for the work, Mr. Rains was impressed with his evident ability and resourcefulness, and wrote Mr. McLean regarding the possibility of securing him as a secretary for the foreign work. At the national convention in 1904 Mr. Corey was elected Corresponding Secretary. In the nearly eighteen years which have passed he has endeared himself to the entire brotherhood and demonstrated the wisdom of the choice. No one now living could be better fitted to write of Mr. Rains in his relation to the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. Mr. Corey contributes the following:

For more than a quarter of a century F. M. Rains served as Secretary of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. He came to the work in 1893 and until a short time before his death, October 24, 1919, he was bearing the burdens of the foreign work which he loved so well. The only breaks in his direct secretarial work during this long period of twenty-six years were the brief intervals which he spent with Mrs. Rains in visiting various mission fields. Even during these journeys he was very busy but with different phases of the missionary task. While at home his time was almost

entirely absorbed with promotional work which had to do with the income of the Society. He and Mrs. Rains went to the Orient in 1901 and again in 1910. The first visit was to China and Japan only, but on the second visit, nine years later, he visited China, Japan, Korea, the Philippines, Australia and India. It was the purpose of Mr. Rains on this journey to encircle the globe, but he was taken ill while in the East and the necessity of hurrying home brought them back by way of the Pacific. In 1903, in company with Mrs. Rains, he went to Norway, Sweden and Denmark, visiting the work of the Society and groups of Disciples in these countries. During this journey he also visited our churches in England and gave them much encouragement. In 1915 a short journey was made to Cuba to inspect the missionary work being carried on at that time in the island.

It is difficult for a biographer to know what to say in a brief chapter with regard to Mr. Rains and his work with the Foreign Society. The writer was associated with him for almost fifteen years in this work. Perhaps a word concerning the interview with Mr. Rains which led to the writer's association with him in the work will give some insight with regard to his attitude toward his associates.

It was at the time of the St. Louis National Convention in 1904. Mr. Rains took me aside and after we had eaten together at a simple restaurant,

he pushed back his chair and broached the subject of giving my life to the work of foreign missions as a secretary. After a conference, in which the burdens and responsibilities of the work were quite as thoroughly set forth as its appeal and compensations, Mr. Rains said in his characteristic way, "My friend, if you come with us you will be a secretary, not an assistant or associate secretary, and we will work together with equal responsibility and equal voice. We are not much on personal rights or prerogatives in the foreign office." The words "equality" and "responsibility" were strikingly characteristic of his work and the work of his associates as they toiled together. He was a man who knew how to give and take, was never afraid of a hard task and expected no one else to be afraid of one. There was no shirking of burdens on his part and he inspired the same courageous attitude in others. Mr. Rains believed in each man having his job well defined, and making good in that particular task. His associates always looked upon him as a man of direct action. He was always the Christian gentleman, although not a diplomat with any "pussy foot" tendencies. His conferences and persuasive interviews were more of the "shirt sleeve" type where sentences were short and crisp, and laughter and banter mixed with challenge. Decisive, ready-to-use conclusions were reached in their meetings. Mr. Rains, although an admirable team-mate, was what one

would term an effective individualist in his work and he granted everyone else the same privilege in his particular task. The modern "agenda" or "docket" for a committee meeting was unknown. A few penciled notes on the back of an envelope drawn from Mr. Rains' inside coat pocket, or a similar notation from Mr. McLean's ever present memorandum book, would furnish the line of thought for the evening. Many an important decision was reached after animated and sometimes heated discussion. Personal opinions were strongly stated, Mr. Rains never hesitating to set forth his own thinking in the most clear and convincing way. However, the final conclusion had no reference to differences of opinion. After an important matter had been talked through and thoroughly and a majority of the company was agreed, the matter was settled. You would never find Mr. Rains, after he had accepted such a decision, referring to any difference of opinion he might have had on the subject. These conferences, which had so much bearing on the policies and plans of the Society, were purely democratic and a decision once reached was the unanimous decision of all. The team work of Mr. McLean and Mr. Rains was very beautiful on any point of policy, even though the process of getting harnessed together sometimes took considerable discussion.

F. M. Rains was the driving power of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. On the other hand,

Mr. McLean was the quiet, studious writer and prophet of missionary ideals for our people. Mr. Rains was distinctly the dynamo that made the wheels go around in the office and in the home base progress of the work. From the time he entered the office early in the morning until he closed his desk everything about him was all atingle with effort. The stenographers felt it, the bookkeepers and office girls were alive to it, and his associates in secretarial work always felt the strong working pulse of his presence. He always worked at high tension and with tremendous energy. There was a healthy contagion about his effort. He brought a certain breeze and stimulus into the office with him. One instantly straightened up and squared his shoulders when Mr. Rains passed by in the enthusiasm of his toil. Sometimes during the day there might be something of a good-natured clash, or perhaps even an explosion, but it was all soon forgotten in the speeding up of the missionary train. The occasional jars and bumps, with starts and stops, had no lasting effect, for Mr. Rains' hand was always on the throttle, and "full steam ahead" was his constant motto. Few men could turn off more work than he could. He always had a dozen irons in the fire. Many times when Mr. McLean and the others would be away for months, holding rallies and trying to educate the people on the field, Mr. Rains would be alone at the office. The whole burden of promotional

and administrative work would be upon his shoulders. It is difficult to know how he accomplished so much, for his health was not the best during the last ten years of his service. When left alone, as we have mentioned above, he carried on all the correspondence both at home and abroad, edited the *Missionary Intelligencer* once a month, got out the quarterly issue of the *Missionary Voice* which was then published, got out all the printed circulars for the March offering, besides the numerous other pieces of literature that went with these, usually edited a racy and pungent issue of the *March Offering Manual* for the preachers, wrote special articles for the papers, even down to the little church papers published by the local congregations, worked on annuities and personal gifts, got up programs and sermon outlines for the March offering, looked after the advertising in the papers; and all of these things were seen to besides the daily round of office duties and the handling of the daily mail which touched on so many subjects. Mr. Rains was the outstanding financial genius of his day among our people. He could have been a successful banker, railroad president or the head of some great corporation. He came to the Society in its infancy when the receipts were \$58,355 a year. When he died, after twenty-six years of effort, the income was \$630,000 a year. Mr. McLean did not have to do so much with the financial side of the work. He taught the people to

give, as he incessantly wrote, spoke among the brethren everywhere, and held missionary rallies all over the country, but when it came to raising money from headquarters this task was largely left to Mr. Rains. The Foreign Society became famous because of its wide-awake and ingenious plans in enlisting the interest of the people for missionary giving. There was hardly a missionary society in the country which did not profit from these wide-awake and original ideas. Nearly all the special plans of the society for raising missionary money came out of the fertile mind and heart of F. M. Rains. Over these plans he thought and prayed and brooded until they were almost like his children. He introduced the Annuity plan among our people and the Living Link plan whereby a local church supports its own missionary. Children's Day, while in existence before he came to the Society, grew into a real day of vast significance under his direction. He made the March offering stand out as a vital institution among the churches. Mr. Rains introduced the Birthday Box in the Sunday school for missionary giving. One of his unique contributions to missionary endeavor was the "circular." He always studied advertising journals and business magazines and he believed that a well constructed and printed circular was the finest bit of missionary information and inspiration possible. As the March offering approached, these circulars became more pointed

and more replete with striking sentences, strong appeals and gripping illustrations. He used to say, "I like to spend a week soaking in a circular." He would divide such a production as a great preacher divides his sermon. I have heard numbers of our ministers say that the circulars of Mr. Rains did more to convert them to the missionary ideal and lift their sense of missionary responsibility than anything else which ever came into their lives. The day for such literature is probably past. Our plans have changed in this regard, but one cannot help admiring the genius of this good man as he stirred the ministers and the Sunday school superintendents with these vital, burning messages. How he reveled in these plans of promotion! What inventive genius he displayed through these avenues! Mr. Rains was a great man to set a financial goal for the society which he would call a watchword for the year and then, by writing letters, getting notes and articles in the papers, sending out circulars and speaking at conventions, he would press the people on toward that goal. I have often heard him say that, like Jay Gould, he had two purposes in mind; one was to cut down expenditures and the other to increase receipts. However, he never hesitated at a worthy expenditure and was always willing to launch a new plan if he felt it was what the people needed. The fact that the majority of our churches gave nothing to missions was almost a nightmare to him.

In season and out of season, by literature, by diagrams, by letters and by personal appeal he was ever endeavoring to enlist these cold and indifferent churches. He felt that if even a small offering could once be secured from the congregations, there was hope of their forming a regular habit.

He was not enamored of the modern committee and its slow processes in getting into operation. He believed in taking hold of a problem quickly and directly and dealing with it in the most expeditious fashion.

Mr. Rains' method was that of direct contact with the churches. The Every Member Canvass had not come into large vogue during his active service and his main emphasis was on special days and offerings, in which he was a real genius. He was not much given to "conferences" and felt that on many occasions they were time consumers. He thought such meetings had little place during "business hours," but was always willing to accord a conference a full evening after working hours, when there was leisure for thought and one could be away from the stress and strain of office duties. The meetings of this kind in which he delighted were in his own home. In the early days, these were usually held every two weeks or so when Mr. McLean, Mr. Plopper, (the Treasurer), and I would go over with him the many problems of the work and do our planning for the future. Later, when A. E. Cory, R. A. Doan, Bert Wilson and

finally C. M. Yocum had joined us and our group was larger, these conferences were often held at the office. The fireside meetings were times of delightful fellowship as well as earnest discussion, because Mr. Rains' home was always ideal in its friendly atmosphere and fine environment. While Mrs. Rains did not usually join in the discussions concerning the work, she was always nearby to help settle any mooted question, give a fine bit of judgment when asked, and to round up the evening with a cup of tea and some other refreshments in a jolly half hour spent around the family table. These meetings often extended until midnight.

Mr. Rains was a man of singleness of purpose. He lived and prayed and read and spoke and wrote for world-wide missions. There were no side issues with him. His whole life was given to his task. He burned his strength out and shortened his life in doing this one thing. Much has been said about his dedication of churches, and he was one of the greatest church dedicators America ever knew. No financial situation would stop him and nearly one thousand church buildings in America bear testimony to his gift as a money raiser. However, his dedication of churches was a means to an end. What he received financially in that type of work always applied through the missionary society on his salary. He enjoyed this type of service but said again and again that he would not be doing it at all if it were not for the opportunity which it

afforded him to give foreign missionary messages to the people. His feeling was that after raising the money needed at the morning service and the service of dedication in the afternoon, he should always spend the evening hour in an address on foreign missions. By that time in the day everybody was enthusiastic about him and the church membership was usually very happy because he had raised more than enough in pledges to pay the balance on their building. Like a physician who has healed a patient found in distress, he then had the confidence of all and could say anything he liked. The house was always crowded and the people enthusiastic, and his greatest missionary addresses were given on these occasions. Many a church enthusiastically paid for its own building at the morning hour and then quite as enthusiastically pledged support in the evening for a Living Link.

While Mr. Rains was a man of one purpose and kept enthusiastically at the one task of foreign missions, he was versatile in his thinking and in his sympathies.

He had a striking way of making people see the need and the bigness of the task and illustrations drawn from his visits to the mission fields always made foreign missions homey and real. There was a thrill in his voice which was not always melodious but piercing and convincing, and no one ever slept while he talked. He knew how to sprinkle humor

with his seriousness and would often pass in a word from the sublime to the ridiculous. He could quite as easily, however, make his audience weep as laugh. No one could visualize a given situation, a stingy church or a parsimonious individual better than himself. Often his running commentary on some delinquent church or covetous man would bring roars of laughter from his audience.

Mr. Rains and Mr. McLean both believed in making convention programs strong and vital. Immediately after the close of one annual convention several evenings would be spent together planning the program for the next convention. The topics chosen were vital and had to do with the needs, the financial watchword, and the different ways of raising money, as well as presenting the work from the mission fields. No man could conduct a symposium at a convention better than Mr. Rains. He had some such part in nearly every convention. One year he would conduct a symposium on the Living Link idea, another year on Children's Day, at another time on the March offering, another year on missionary preaching and then on stewardship and so on. His idea was to get eight or ten strong speakers who would speak from five to ten minutes each. His leading was always happy and he knew how to intersperse remarks and statements, witticism and appeal, between the brief addresses with telling effect. The addresses and symposiums of the conventions were considered fine

campaign literature and after the convention was over these were converted into tracts, newspaper and magazine articles.

Mr. Rains had many strong elements of statesmanship in him. He would not allow the tyranny of details to imprison him, but always looked out on wide horizons and tried to measure the work through decades rather than months. He was a real joy to the missionaries on the fields and his journeys among these workers were an inspiration. Many a discouraged missionary was given new hope and courage by his wise counsel and planning. He unraveled many a tangled web of missionary policy and succeeded in harmonizing conflicting personalities and plans as he threw himself into the life of the missionaries on the fields. He could be the careful diplomat when it was wise and at other times could speak out with fearlessness and decision. He always had the courage of his conviction. No man was better than he to jar a missionary or a group of workers loose from a program which was too conservative and which did not take the long future into account.

Mr. Rains was a truly great speaker. We had no one in our brotherhood who could so electrify a convention or an audience. He was a man of rather eccentric manner, and resorted to none of the tricks of the orator. However, in his quaint utterances, his rare wit, his homely philosophy and his burning zeal keyed up to a high pitch of en-

thusiasm, he swept the people along irresistibly. He spoke with authority, as one having unbounded conviction with regard to the substance of his own message. He used odd sentences, striking statements and startling facts. He impressed you as being one filled to the bursting point with his message. There never was a word of doubt or hesitancy. He often dealt in superlatives. The words "great," "enlargement," "world-wide," "forward," "loyalty," were often repeated.

He was always reading the newest and freshest of books. He kept himself in intimate touch with the educational life in our fellowship, served for many years as one of the trustees of Transylvania College, and when he was beyond sixty years of age and thought of retiring from the secretaryship, planned to go to Yale and spend a year in school before settling down in a small pastorate for the rest of his life. Occasionally, during his years with the Society, he would spend a month in summer in holding evangelistic meetings. He was very successful in this, too, and his services were always in demand.

Mr. Rains was a contagious optimist. He knew how to break up a sordid and discouraging situation with a bombardment of laughter, the sting of ridicule and the strength of a wide wholesome vision. His advice was never to pay too much attention to criticism and questioning. "Launch ahead," he always said. "Do the work; let victory

be the proof of the pudding.” He struck fire to the soul. His life and work were radiant. He laughed at the most difficult times and his rare humor brought cheer to many a weary heart. No one could tell a joke better than Brother Rains, and he knew how to tell one with point in a difficult situation. To illustrate his sense of the ridiculous, one time when a serious error had been made in some plan he said, “Well, my friends, there may be folks who have made bigger fools of themselves than we have, but none have ever made a bigger variety of fools of themselves than we have.” Often when the Society had been misunderstood, was being attacked, or when the brotherhood seemed to grow greatly concerned over some theological controversy, he would say: “What we need is a Disciple *Puck* or comic paper to crack open our seriousness over tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum and cure us of our conceit in taking ourselves too seriously.”

Mr. Rains was a wonderfully attractive personality to those who knew him best. His sense of humor was very rare and this fine trait bore him over many a hard place and no doubt prolonged his life. He had a great heart and formed strong personal attachments. No one could have been a better yokefellow than Mr. Rains. He had strong personal opinions, but he was always loved by his associates. He never let an opportunity pass of saying a fine, strong word concerning those who

worked with him. He magnified the work of those with whom he toiled. His support of Mr. McLean, with whom he worked so long, was very beautiful. He always pushed him to the fore and made his leadership stand out with emphasis. No man had closer friends among the pastors and business men throughout our brotherhood than F. M. Rains. He loved his friends very deeply and met them with good cheer and a fine display of friendly wit. Several times while in ill health he wished very much to resign from the work, but the personal attachment to A. McLean and others held him to the task.

His love for Mr. McLean was wonderful. They were as different in temperament as two men could possibly be. Their judgment often clashed and they did not hesitate to speak plainly to each other about differences in opinion, but their love was never marred. No two men ever supplemented each other better than they. When death approached and Mr. Rains was hardly able to speak he called for his old friend and yokefellow. On the verge of the great unseen world, when his lips could hardly phrase the words, he said, "I love the brethren, I love the brethren," and then to Mrs. Rains and Paul, as Mr. McLean turned away, "I love him with an unceasing love."

No one will ever be able to properly measure the vital contribution which this great leader made to the missionary life of our people. During the

critical twenty-six years in which we were made a real missionary people, Mr. Rains was the practical, promotional genius, while Mr. McLean was the prophet and school teacher of our missionary life.

Mr. Rains took great pride in the *Missionary Intelligencer*, which was the official organ of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. When it was first published it was devoted to the interests of all the organized work, and as Secretary of the Church Extension Board, Mr. Rains was among the first editors. The year he became Secretary of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society it was taken over by that society and he continued one of the editors until it was merged with the publications of the other societies into *World Call*. While it was almost like giving up one of his own children, he rejoiced in the nobler proportions and increased circulation of the new magazine.

With the approaching thirty-fifth anniversary of Mr. McLean's connection with the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, Mr. Rains conceived the idea of creating a fund of \$10,000 to commemorate the event, and provide for the support of a missionary on the foreign field forever (\$600 at that time being the amount necessary). The many friends of Mr. McLean everywhere were glad to share in this. In addition, the secretaries arranged for a public demonstration in the Central Christian Church, Cincinnati, on the first Sunday

in March, 1917, at which time representatives of the other boards, as well as pastors and friends from nearby points, joined with local forces in making it a memorable occasion. A leather bound book containing telegrams and letters from all over the country, was presented to Mr. McLean, and addresses of congratulation and affection served to show the high esteem and love of his friends. Mr. Rains was not well and had been in the South for some weeks, but braved the cold and discomfort of the worst blizzard of the year to be with the "Bishop," as he loved to call his comrade of many years, and added his message of appreciation.

The following letters which have been preserved are self-revealing and show something of the affection and respect that existed between these associates. As the letters from Mr. McLean and Mr. Corey indicate, Mr. Rains upon several occasions felt that his health was such that it would be better to give up the work, but upon their insistence, he consented to continue.

Cincinnati, Ohio.
October 1, 1912.

Rev. S. J. Corey,
c-o S. S. Lusitania,
New York.

My Dear Brother Corey:

Welcome to American soil! We are delighted to see you. If you have any African germs on you please take a bath before you come this way. We are very particular

down around Cincinnati. There is no dirt here I will give you to understand. Only the immaculate are allowed to enter the cleanly precincts of the Queen City of the West.

Well, really, we are delighted to have you come home. Personally, I am overjoyed. I have been lonesome without you. Your Sunday schools have worked my head off. They are an obstreperous lot of schools! We have made a very good gain, thank you, both in number of contributing schools and in the amount given. Our total receipts amount to over \$400,000, a gain of \$21,000. The Lord is in the earth as well as in his heaven.

That man Abram Cory is a prince. He is doing wonders. You will hear from him and his team. The Standard folks are still blowing and fussing. They are now after Fortune and they want to get after Hopkins. What do you think? Hopkins put Maclachlan on his program and also that Chicago man that we appointed for Cuba and did not go out, you know his name, and Lappin wrote him protesting against these two men being on the program. Think of it! Hopkins wrote him a note and told him that it was too late to consider his suggestion.

Well, we have tried to keep the old ship sailing till you get here. Now if she springs a leak you will have to calk her up.

Your wife and children are very happy. They seem to do well without you. Let me know definitely what train you will be on and what hour and I will send your wife down to meet you.

Affectionately yours,
F. M. Rains.

July 23, 1914.

Dear Brother Rains:

I want to thank you for that very tender personal letter. You have been everything to me through these nine years we have been together, and have been so whole-hearted and

Christ-like in all our relationship. I never can tell you just how much all this has meant to me. I regret leaving just now with the burden of things on you as heavy as they are, but it seems that I should go. I feel unworthy of this great privilege and weak as I face its responsibility.

Brother Rains, I do not want you to leave the work. You *must* not—the work cannot spare you and we would be at sea without your great experience and wisdom. I pray God that you may have strength and that the work may hold you for years yet.

I am so disappointed about the Sunday schools for I felt they would gain handsomely. We worked hard on them, too. Hope the churches continue to gain.

I'll bear your message of love to the missionaries.

My sensitive point! Fishing! And you are so indiscreet as to stir me upon it while saying *bon voyage*. I am as sensitive on that point as you are on singing and as efficient too. Supposing we draw a bargain. I'll praise your voice in its musical cadences, if you'll praise my prowess with the rod and reel. I think I'm generous, too.

But I will try the Yangtse if I get a chance, but I won't risk a picture, you discredit even my *pictures* of fish!

The August *Intelligencer* is a *dandy*. Bower and I have been going over it. It hits the spot.

Well, may the Lord bless and keep you in his sweet peace. I shall think of you so often.

With true affection,
Stephen.

Tokyo, Japan.
November 18, 1914.

Mr. F. M. Rains,
Box 884, Cincinnati.

Dear Brother Rains:

I have found no time for a letter but I must write just

a word. We are leaving today for Akita. We have been busy night and day. You will be reading the letter to Brother McLean in which I mention some things of importance.

I do trust, Brother Rains, that you will not plan to leave the work. I cannot bear to think of it. If you were ever needed it seems to be now. Your efforts have been so untiring and you have developed the work so wonderfully. We must have your wisdom and help for some years to come. Of course, you must write the first March Offering circular and the rest of them too. I will help you out of course. Expect to get home January first, ready for work. Am very anxious to get back.

With Christmas love to all,

Affectionately yours,

Stephen J.

Dec. 8, 1914.

My dear Doctor:

I wish you would give up all thought of giving up the work on Mr. Corey's return. I thought after our talk on the subject, that you were going to do that. It appears clear to me that it will be better for you and for the work, for you to do this. The work needs you; I feel that Christ needs you in the Rooms. I greatly wish that you would remain there always.

You are planning a Florida trip. I think you would do far better if you went to Michigan or Minnesota. It is cold weather you need. That is far more health-giving and life-giving than the warm weather of Florida. The cold destroys germs of all kinds and fills the system with ozone and electricity and energy. Florida debilitates and thins the blood. A month in Battle Creek would do you more good than a winter in Florida, a hundred times

The Foreign Christian Missionary Society 69

as much good. This is my conviction. I trust Mrs. Rains is about herself again.

Affectionately yours,
A. McLean.

St. Louis, Mo.
March 2, 1915.

Dear Doctor:

Wherever I go I find the people greatly interested in you. You have a large place in the hearts of the people, and you deserve it. No man has ever rendered our cause a better service than you have. E. B. Barnes was speaking about you when I saw him last. He said he never saw your equal in energy, enthusiasm and "pep." Tens of thousands feel the same. The hope of all who know you is that you will so recruit your strength in the months you are absent from the Rooms that you will be able to take your place in the work before the end of the year. I do not know how we are going to go on and grow without your presence and help. The prayer of your associates in the Rooms is for your complete recovery, and that speedily. God bless you and Mrs. Rains and all dear to you.

Affectionately yours,
A. McLean.

Memphis, Tenn.
Nov. 17, 1917.

My dear Doctor:

Yours of the 6th reached me in Nashville. I am now in Memphis. We are having good meetings. Yesterday's set-up was wonderful. I think I was never in a better service. Miller made a profound impression. He is an orator. Abe does too, though he is not a bit like Miller. Our people—Madden, Hagin, Dye and Dr. McGavran, stir the people. No one stirs them more deeply than Dr.

McGavran. All the speakers do well, and are heard with deepest interest.

We did not get much money in Nashville. The Y. M. C. A. was trying to raise money at the same time. The claims of the war came first. Men say, "We must win the war." Till the war is won they do not propose to give for any other cause.

We have not begun to solicit in Memphis. We shall do better here than we did in Nashville.

I was not mistaken about Paul's speech. He did remarkably well. I was proud of him and happy on your account and on his account.

The President of the General Convention will not preside at all the conventions. There is nothing in the constitution to that effect.

Smith of North Carolina told me of your great address at Wilson. He said you carried the Convention by storm.

You speak about being well. I trust you will take good care of yourself. Be sure to get plenty of sleep. Don't overwork. Let Mrs. Rains have her way with you.

I am a poor solicitor. Abe knows that. I am sent with an experienced man. All I am expected to do is to reenforce my mate with my presence and some few words now and then. I help with the maps and charts and speak when there is an opportunity.

Abe has not been with us much. Rafe is in full command most of the time. We are a happy family.

We are due in Cincinnati the night before Thanksgiving. The Georgia campaign has been called off for the present. Billy Sunday is in Atlanta; that is the reason.

I am well and enjoy this new experience. I wish for you and Mrs. Rains all the best things in life.

Affectionately yours,

A. McLean.

St. Louis, Mo.

Nov. 12, 1920.

Dear Mrs. Rains:

Please tell me what books by Isaac Errett you have in your library. I have been looking for his book entitled "Linsey Woolsey and other Addresses." The Standard Publishing Company says the work is out of print. If you have it, would you sell it or loan it to me? Please tell me what other missionary books you have, aside from the *Intelligencer*.

When I called at your home before leaving Cincinnati, it was to express my gratitude to you for all your hospitality and kindness. You and Mr. Rains were more to me than any other two people in Cincinnati. Your home was the only home I visited regularly. The world is different to you since Mr. Rains answered the home-call. The world is different to me, too. On his account and on your own account I shall always be interested in you, and shall always wish you all the best things in life. If I had had an opportunity I would have told you this while you were in St. Louis.

God love you and prosper you always and in all things.

Very truly yours,

A. McLean.

There follow short statements from C. W. Plopper, who has served for years as Treasurer of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, and later of the United Christian Missionary Society, and also from Bert Wilson and C. M. Yocum, Secretaries of the Foreign Missionary Society and now occupying like positions in the United Christian Missionary Society:

It is a great privilege and splendid opportunity for any

young man to be intimately associated in his business connection with an aggressive, conscientious, Christian man of older years. Beginning as a young man it was my privilege to be very closely associated with F. M. Rains for nearly nineteen years in the offices of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. We were also members of the same local congregation during the larger part of that period. By opportune words of brotherly counsel and by a wonderful Christian example, he was most helpful to me. His consecration to the great task to which he was connected was always a marvel to me. Personal comforts or desires were always pushed aside when there was an opportunity to present the world-wide work of the Master for which he truly gave his life. In his passing I have felt a keen personal loss and look forward to the time when we can again be associated in our Father's Kingdom.—C. W. Plopper.

* * * * *

The first time I ever saw F. M. Rains to know him was at the Omaha National Convention in 1903. Mrs. Wilson and I were newlyweds, attending our first National Convention together. Mr. Rains sat in front of us at one of the sessions of the Convention and listened with such eagerness and enthusiasm and zeal, that it seemed almost as hard work as if he had been making a speech. That was characteristic of Mr. Rains throughout his life.

A couple of years later I received a telegram to meet Mr. Rains in St. Joseph, Missouri, to talk over an important proposition that he wanted to present to me. I took the next train from Humboldt, Nebraska, and met him about six o'clock in the evening. We had supper together and he requested me to go out to Krug Park with him. During all this time he made no mention of the matter for which I was called to meet him. Arriving at Krug Park we found a bench under some large trees, and as soon as we sat down, Mr. Rains abruptly said, "Wilson, the Foreign

Society wants you to go to Cuba as a missionary.” And then he laid out the opportunity and the need for a man to take up work in Cuba at once. I was not through college and, of course, when I explained to him that I had two more years of college work before me, he agreed with me that I should not undertake the work before the time that I should have finished college. But when I left him he said, “Remember that some time you must join us in this Foreign Missionary work.”

When I was called to work for the Foreign Society, I had a long talk with Mr. Rains, in which he outlined with directness and vigor the task of a secretary as he saw it. He said that it meant hard work; that a man had to live with that job for twenty-four hours of every day; that he had to work at foreign missions and even dream foreign missions. He said it was a job that meant separation from one's family for weeks and sometimes months; that there were hardships in connection with it; that there were many advisers, and that these advisers usually felt that they knew more about the proposition than the one who had spent twenty-five years at it.

On the other hand, he said that you could usually trust the brethren; that the judgment of the big mass of our folk was usually safe and sound on any proposition. He said the task had many compensations, among them a host of friends which would accumulate through the years. These friends, he said, loved the foreign missionary cause and gave their money and their prayers for it, some of them gave their children to help it go forward.

Most of the time that I lived in Cincinnati, our home was across the street from Mr. Rains. I then learned more intimately something of the vigor and strength of character, and untiring zeal of the man. He worked early and late. He lived and talked and dreamed about his job more than any man I ever knew. One could not talk with him for ten minutes without his making some reference to the task

of foreign missions. He was a man of unusual optimism. He always thought in terms of enlargement.

During the last year or two of his life, when he was almost incapacitated for work, he longed to be at the task again. He always spoke of the time when he would be stronger and be able to go out and visit the churches and get them to become Living Links and give more money to the cause.

He often came over to our home in the evening and played croquet with our girls. One game was about as much as his strength would allow, but he seemed to put as much vigor into trying to win as if he were dedicating a church or raising a Living Link for foreign missions. The girls always enjoyed playing with him because he played with such enthusiasm.

The morning on which I started on my trip to India, Mr. Rains came over to bid me good-bye. After a short visit, as he was about to leave, he said, "Tell the missionaries that we all love them; that we are going to get more money to support their work than ever before. Tell them that we are just in the beginning of our foreign missionary work and that it will grow larger and larger from year to year."—Bert Wilson.

* * * * *

The first time I saw F. M. Rains, he appeared to me to be a man of unusual ability. I had united with the church at Steubenville, Ohio, in my earliest teens. Shortly thereafter, the old building in which I made the confession and was baptized, was torn down to make way for a new building. My father drew the plans for the new building and I helped to clean brick taken from the old building, to make them fit for use in the new. Hence, the erection of that new building was of more than usual interest to me, and usual interest would have made it an "occasion." Had we not talked of a new and up-to-date church for many months?

When the new building was completed F. M. Rains came to dedicate it. Of all the men in our brotherhood capable of dedicating a church building, he was selected as the most capable.

The day of dedication arrived. The new church, beautifully decorated, awaited the word of a man of God to set it apart to the worship of God, and the man of God came in the person of Mr. Rains. The setting, to me, was perfect, and in that setting Mr. Rains stood out as a man of unusual power and consecration.

Three times I heard him preach that day and even yet I can recall quite clearly his witty plays on the names of the contributors. I do not recall anything else he said, but the impression made upon me, deep and abiding, was that of a great occasion and a great man; a great thing done in a great way. I was in the hero-worshipping stage of my development and Mr. Rains at once became one of my heroes.

Could I contribute a more beautiful flower to his memory than to say that more intimate acquaintance with him in more mature years did not dim or mar that earlier, idealistic picture of boyhood, but rather served to make it more distinct and real? Mr. Rains was a big man, a man of God. It was not my privilege to know him intimately as long as his other associates in the office knew him, for he lived only a little more than a year after I went to Cincinnati, and much of that time he was away because of his illness. But I knew him long enough to know the measure of the man and the source of his power.

Shortly after entering the office it became my duty to promote the March Offering which he had promoted so long and so successfully. One of the big items in his promotion of the day was the "March Offering Circular" to the ministers. I went to his desk and asked him the principles of a successful circular. He invited me to sit down and then, at length and in detail, went over the

things which from his long experience he deemed essential.

Three things, he said, were necessary. Base the case on the Bible. Our people love the Book. Rest the argument on the Word of God. Present the work, its triumphs and its needs. People will contribute when they see the need. Let them know the facts. Then dress the circular in attractive garb, not gaudy, but in such clothing as will claim the attention of the preachers. These, he said, were the principles upon which he worked and gladly he passed them on to others in the work. These principles are sound principles. They are absolutely sincere and genuine, no tricks are concealed, and they reflect the genuineness of the man who discovered and adopted them and the liberality with which he passed them on reflected his magnanimity.

Fellowship with F. M. Rains was a benediction. In his life he exemplified the reign of God in the heart of man, and in his long and successful service he promoted the spread of the Kingdom of God among the nations.—C. M. Yocum.

As plans were formulated for the unification of all the missionary interests of the Disciples of Christ, Mr. Rains was greatly concerned. Failing health prevented any active participation, but as he had opportunity he inquired as to certain phases of the consolidation. Mr. McLean, when in the city, spent every Thursday evening with Mr. Rains. Thus it happened that they were together the night before Mr. Rains' final relapse, and many questions were asked and answered regarding the constitution of the United Christian Missionary Society. Mr. Rains was not permitted to see this Society put into operation. The Foreign Christian

Missionary Society was a part of his very being and with its passing as a separate organization, he laid aside his armor. He had finished his course.

Mr. McLean was able to contribute much to the organization of the new society and served a little over a year as its vice-president, when he, too, was called to higher service, on December 15, 1920, and the names McLean and Rains are linked together again as they were for so many years in their work for the evangelization of the world.

CHAPTER FIVE

RELATION TO THE MISSIONARIES

Two visits were made by Mr. Rains to the Orient. The first in 1901 to China and Japan. This was a great help to him in the prosecution of the work. He gained new enthusiasm and greater arguments for foreign missions. It was on this trip that he saw the vision of schools for the Orient, and as a result raised thousands of dollars for this purpose.

While on this tour Mr. Rains wrote an account of his experiences to the church papers, the same being issued later in booklet form under the title, "A Visit to Our Mission Stations." In the last letter he summed up his impressions as follows:

On this trip to the East I have seen many new and strange things. I have seen mighty mountains and volcanoes, great cities, ancient temples, great statesmen and scholars, but nothing I have seen has impressed me so much as the marvelous success of the gospel in these lands. I went out believing and hoping and I return knowing and enthusiastic. The man who questions the success of the work in Japan and China doubts the testimony of thousands of as intelligent and consecrated men and women as the world has ever seen.

Of this visit, F. E. Meigs, one of the pioneers of the mission in China, who has since died, writes as follows:

Our annual convention has just closed. Brother Rains was with us and did us great good. He has just left and we feel somewhat lonely without him. He was full of life and encouraged us by his hopeful words and manner. It is a good stroke of business to send a business man like Brother Rains out to see the field and the workers. It does not require miles of argument to make him see the needs of the mission. He takes the situation in at a glance. I am writing to you at this time to tell you some of our hopes and purposes. It has been decided, Brother Rains acquiescing, to enlarge our school work in China.

W. Remfry Hunt, who went out to China from England nearly thirty years ago, contributes some reminiscences of Mr. Rains which will be of interest:

It opened up new windows through which the mission fields could be seen, when it was decided to send secretaries and representatives of the Mission Boards to India, China and Japan. In the choice of its representatives, the Foreign Christian Missionary Society was wise. It sent men of vision. Francis M. Rains came to China as a colleague. He entered into the problems and achievements of the missionaries. He came when the Society was founding its mission stations. He visited them with the missionaries and shared the loneliness and the hardships with them.

Francis M. Rains was a missionary statesman of no mean caliber. In Chuchow, he met the pioneers, W. Remfry Hunt and Dr. E. I. Osgood, and marvelled when he saw the "roughing it" these missionaries who blazed the trail had to encounter, and endure cheerfully. He saw the old thatched house. It had centipedes, rats, spiders, and even snakes that had undisturbed for decades made cozy habitat in its rafters. He saw our first dispensary, primary school, church building made of mud walls and mud floor and

thatched roof. Brother Rains said he felt highly honored as he slept with us in Chinese boats, dined in Chinese inns, traveled in Chinese fashion, wondered at our mysterious language jargon, and marvelled that it could mean anything so natural as "real American talking." His hearty laugh, his quick discernment and his careful manner in suggesting any improvements made him a friend and counsellor to be trusted.

It was a calm morning in the fall of 1901 that I took F. M. Rains to one of our mission churches at Wu-i in Anhwei Province. It was a great farming area. It attracted Mr. Rains at once and he remarked upon the productiveness of the soil and its great economic values when the Chinese catch the fire of enthusiasm and build their own churches. It seemed as if with prophetic vision he was looking down the years to the present time when the Chuchow district has had such fine growth and advancement. He said, looking deeply into my eyes, "Young man, this is the field for your life-work, stay here and build the churches." From Chuchow a radiating course of stations has been opened up. It has indeed been a starting point for missions even into the remote parts of the province. To the time of his death, Mr. Rains took a deep personal interest in all these points he had visited. The native Christians called him "the bishop" and always referred to him in terms of personal affection. I think it gave him a tremendous urge and reality in his faith as he always spoke of these live-wire churches in the field as the advance posts in the firing line. He remembered the pastors and teachers and sent them greetings in his personal correspondence.

On the occasion of his leaving Chuchow for Nanking we had quite an exciting experience. The country was infested with brigandage. They had no respect of persons. Chuchow is about fifty miles from Nanking and the return journey was to be taken by the canal. Mr. Rains had never met or been held up by robbers; if he had been, he would



Secretary F. M. Rains discussing foreign mission work with members of the Australian Foreign Missions Council; R. Lyall, W. C. Brooker, J. E. Thomas, Ira A. Paternoster, and F. B. Fischer. Taken in September, 1910.

have had some respect for their boldness. The military governor of our city was a bit anxious and sent an armed escort of some two soldiers in a small sampan following close behind us. It took about a day and a night to make it in fair weather. All went well till along about midnight the head boatman on our boat put his head into my compartment, which was at the main entrance, and whispered that it was very unlucky, but that there were some suspicious characters following the boat in the direction of the more sparsely populated parts. Presently the suspects proved their real calling and challenged us.

"Pull alongside, old fellow, if you know and respect us," shouted the leader of the robber band.

At this juncture I was anxious that Mr. and Mrs. Rains should not be informed of the peril, and asked the boatman to keep in the middle of the stream.

"They have ropes and hooks attached for lassoing us," he cried.

Then there was a pandemonium of swearing and cursing and firing commenced.

"Shall I return the fire?" the soldiers asked of me.

I called out, "Who are you? We are foreigners going to the capital."

"Won't you dare-devils answer us?" they retorted.

"We will answer them," shouted our soldiers angrily, and poured in a volley of fire in their direction, for they were following us on the banks.

Then I knew we were in for trouble. It was a situation. We had the far-famed Treasurer of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society aboard and thoughts surged up as to what a commotion it would make in America should we be captured by these fellows who would handle us none too delicately. It was not, to say the least, conducive to quiet meditation. Mr. and Mrs. Rains were sound asleep in their cabins. Should I awaken them? How could I break the news to them? What effect would it have upon them?

These and a hundred other thoughts surged up in my mind, and stirred all sorts of imagination. We lifted thoughts in prayer. We had proved God in trials and difficulties abundant. So I let them sleep. The firing had ceased and it was, with other reasons, because we were nearing one of the small military encampments along the route.

Toward the early dawn Mr. Rains dreamily awakened and remarked that he was somewhat disturbed by noises. At breakfast and at morning prayers I explained the somewhat startling incidents of the night, but under those wonderful, silent, starry, oriental nights, wearied by travels, the treasurer and his wife had slept the sleep of the just and rested. "Under His shadow we dwell in safety among the heathen."

Nearing the close of his life Mr. Rains wrote me a beautiful letter. I can only give extracts from it. "Let me congratulate you, my dear brother, upon the long years of service you have given to China. It has been a wonderful experience to have seen the Church of Christ grow up over the ashes of heathenism. You have stood long and faithful. You have been a sentinel alone in many battlefields. The great brotherhood honors and takes note of your service. Those churches are a crown of joy. You have given a lifetime to China in the midst of the greatest days of its missionary struggles, pioneer life and constructive work. Missionaries are the architects of a new civilization. Let us know fully and sincerely what we can do for you in any way to forward the splendid interests to which you and your dear wife have devoted your lives. The benedictions of the Father be with you and yours."

In the quiet of the home life F. M. Rains was at his best. Those who knew him in the great conventions remembered him as the thundering and clarion call, the voice of a mighty man of valor, the strong and clear executive in administration. But it was in his own home at Norwood, Cincinnati, Ohio, that he and his amiable wife had a

“prophet’s chamber” where they boasted more missionaries than usual had rested. It was a benediction to be there. It seems strange that we shall hear his voice no more on this side of the river, and the thought will come: It must be all right. He is over there now in company with his beloved comrade, Archibald McLean, and one muses on the dream that they are in higher service in the Kingdom for which all this service was as but a school.

The Chinese students were attracted by the fine personality and strong character of F. M. Rains. When they presented him with his Chinese card and had his name inscribed, he was very much interested in having them give him the interpretation of the Chinese hieroglyphics. His name put into the transliteration of Chinese and adapted to its phonetics was: RUI EN-ZS, which means: “Discerning and finished teacher of Grace.” Mr. Rains smiled, good-naturedly, and said:

“Isn’t that fine? You fellows are too polite.”

They said, “Not at all, what language, what language of compliment.”

Once they kept Mr. Rains waiting about half an hour before opening up the boat to cross the Yangtse, and even then, upon starting, one said to the other as they were leaving the sides of the river:

“Go slowly, go slowly,” which was meant to be polite.

When Mr. Rains heard it, he said, “Tell them to get a move on them.”

They were amused and said, “He is a foreigner, and hasn’t read our book of rights which prescribes the decorum of parting guests!”

The next visit was made to India, Philippine Islands, China, Japan and Korea, from July, 1910, to July, 1911. At the earnest solicitation of the Churches of Christ in Australia which were co-

operating in the work in India, China and Japan, Mr. Rains spent a month in that country. He was kept busy every moment of the time, the churches very graciously paying all the expenses of both Mr. and Mrs. Rains during the entire stay. The following are some of the words of appreciation of the value of the visit, sent to Mr. McLean :

You will not be surprised to hear that Brother Rains received a most cordial welcome wherever he went. His visit was a benediction to our churches. Our one regret was that his stay was so limited. Will you please convey to your board our hearty appreciation of their kindness in arranging for his visit to Australia? It has meant much for us. Our vision has been broadened and hearts enriched. He has won our love and the Australian brethren have been drawn much closer to America. We realize as never before our oneness in Christ. The missionary spirit has received a mighty uplift.—D. A. Ewers.

Brother Rains has come and gone. I could not begin to tell you how completely Brother Rains captured the hearts of our people. I do not say too much when I say that he *made* our State and Federal Conferences. On every subject he was ready with just the word. We wanted to raise \$1250 at our meeting. Brother Rains spoke and in the hands of Brother Thomas, the thing was possible. We were discussing the best way to support the work of the Council of Churches; he spoke and the motion carried. His very first speech, which was a response to the first welcome, was a plea to enlarge, and all through the conferences he kept that same plea before us, until we wanted to go out, every one of us, and do evangelistic work. He is a giant and has put a larger heart and vision into each one of us. God bless him for coming to our conferences. His genial

spirit was the delight of all. Crowds came to hear him. All went away filled.—Ira A. Paternoster.

Thanks a thousand times for letting Brother Rains come our way. His visit has been a great blessing to us all. He has cheered and inspired us. He has helped us to believe more in ourselves and in our Christ and encouraged us to attempt greater things in the future. We wish we could keep him here.—Horace Kingsbury.

The visit of F. M. Rains will make an epoch in the history of our work in Western Australia. His unbounded enthusiasm, his optimism, his world-wide vision, his fidelity to the gospel message, lifted us out of our provincialism, gave us a vision like unto his own for larger things and led us into a new appreciation of the movement for the restoration of the New Testament church and the plea for the union of God's people.

His original manner, his epigrammatic style, his thundering climaxes, his fund of information, his sparkling humor and heart-searching pathos, all combined to make him one of the most interesting and powerful speakers Perth audiences have ever heard. Whether it was a welcome meeting of his own brethren, a sisters' meeting for women only, a men's banquet, a children's service, or a great combined meeting with many visitors from other churches, he never failed to gain the ears of his audiences and hold them in rapt attention until the last word. On three occasions he spoke for one hour and then left his hearers eager for more. A newspaper reporter said he was one of the most interesting persons he had ever interviewed. A prominent social worker said, "Mr. Rains dwarfs any missionary advocate who has hitherto visited our State." Many of our own people were taken by surprise, for they had not realized that one of the great men of the modern missionary movement was coming among us.

From Australia the long trip across the Indian Ocean was made to India, where six weeks were spent in intensive work and thought as Mr. Rains journeyed from one station to another, conferred with individual missionaries or met with all of the missionaries in convention assembled. Dr. George W. Brown, now on the faculty of the College of Missions, Indianapolis, Indiana, but for some years a valued missionary in India, writes as follows:

One of the advantages of Brother Rains' visit to India in 1910 was that it enabled the missionaries to see things a bit more clearly from the standpoint of the Board. Not that there was ever any lack of appreciation of the difficulties of the Board, but separated by ten thousand miles of ocean, and engrossed by the details of work on the field, missionaries find it difficult to grasp all the problems which are confronted at the home base. When, for instance, it becomes necessary for the Home Board to reduce appropriations to the field, it is impossible for the missionaries on some far away field to see and understand the reasons. Or, when one sees the appropriations for his field stationary for a number of years and the amount appropriated to another field mounting annually, it is hard to understand that the Board is dealing alike with all the fields.

The visit of Mr. Rains helped the missionaries in India to see more clearly through some of these problems, for at this time the mission had been for years very careful in its budgets in response to the repeated urging of the Board, and the current expense budget was being held practically stationary. Yet the total receipts of the Society had been mounting, and it was hard to see why the India mission was not allowed to expand and take advantage of opportunities which were offering themselves. Moreover, the total number of missionaries of the Society was in-

creasing, but the number sent to India was kept for years at the same number. The missionaries had many questions to ask in regard to these matters, and Mr. Rains helped them to see that the Board was doing all that could be expected of it, and that what seemed to the missionaries to be a neglect of the Indian field, and a bit of partiality toward some other field, was really nothing more than the earnest endeavor of the Board to be fair with all its mission fields. Mr. Rains compared the different fields to a lot of children, all of whom were clamoring to their father for something, and as he did not have enough to satisfy all their demands, he simply had to make his means go as far as he could and see that each one received the best he could give.

Another thing was that Mr. Rains impressed very deeply on the missionaries the fact that they had the full sympathy of the Board. Some of the letters which one gets on the field are personal in their nature, but most of them are of the business type. The members of the secretarial force are absolutely devoted to missions, and their work at home makes it possible for the missionaries to be kept at their posts. But they have so many other things to do that they have little time to write to the missionaries, and seeing so little of them, especially those who have not had years of experience with the Board, are sometimes slow to realize the deep and earnest sympathy of the men behind them. Mr. Rains helped the missionaries to feel this sympathy. He entered into their problems, visited them in their homes, joked with them, rode with them, talked with them, and in all these ways showed that a missionary secretary is in full sympathy with them. This was one of the outstanding results of the visit of Mr. Rains.

During his visit to India, Mr. Rains conducted a conference with the missionaries of the mission, in which they were invited to discuss all their problems. Some of these problems were of the kind that Mr. Rains might assist

in solving; they were of the type already referred to. Others were of a different class; they had to do with the work on the field as such. Such matters as dealing with converts, with native workers, with non-Christians; problems about the education of children, problems about dealing with government. The sound common sense of Mr. Rains often helped to valuable suggestions in these matters. In other cases some other missionary was able to help a troubled fellow-worker. In all cases the missionary at least had the satisfaction of opening his mind freely, and gaining the consciousness that others were giving him a sympathetic hearing.

One thing which impressed me very much about Mr. Rains was the way in which he sized up men. I have known few, if any, who seemed to have the ability to arrive so quickly and accurately at an estimate of the character and worth of a man as he.

After Mr. Rains returned to America, the missionaries felt that the Board was doing its best for them. It was at this time that the Men and Millions Movement was in its inception. From the way it originated the missionaries were not at first sure that it was meant to include India, but soon this doubt was dispelled. Mr. Rains' attitude in India left no doubt in the minds of the missionaries.

Because of a storm on the Yellow Sea, enroute to Hongkong from India, Mr. Rains was delayed in reaching Manila, and was compelled to spend Christmas Day on a small boat tossed by angry seas. Bruce L. Kershner, professor in Lynchburg College, Lynchburg, Va., who with his wife attempted to go the American pace in a tropical climate and was compelled to return to this country, gives the following account of Mr. Rains' itinerary:

It was the Christmas season of 1910. The members of the Mission hoped to have Mr. and Mrs. Rains present for the exercises on Christmas Eve which that year fell on a Saturday; but when the regular weekly boat from Hong-kong arrived that afternoon without them, most of us gave up hope of their coming before the arrival of the next regular boat, one week in the future. An irregular boat was to come in on the next Tuesday but as it was about three removes from a first-class steamer, there was a general feeling among those accustomed to travel in the tropics that they would not brave the discomfort of a voyage in it. A few of us, however, thought they would come by the first connecting boat regardless of personal inconvenience and, acting upon that impulse, were present at their arrival. I shall never forget my feelings when, as the boat was coming alongside of the wharf, I was able to identify them among the crowd of Filipinos and Chinese on deck, but I was no quicker of eye than they, for never were prisoners more anxious to escape from their cells than they were to leave that boat with its unchristian smells and dirt.

Without loss of time they were taken to the Mission House where the entire station group assembled to give them welcome. The next day was the time for the annual dinner to the Filipino evangelists; they were just in time for that. Roast pig, the "Philippine turkey," was to be served with sufficient Philippine cookery to make the native men feel at home and enough American garnishments to protect the appetites of the American missionaries. The pig had been selected as early as the preceding May and by careful attention had by this time come to the proportions of a two hundred pounder, more or less, probably more. Early in the morning the butcher did the duties of his office and from that hour until more than high noon the porker, spitted in the middle of a fifteen-foot pole, was kept slowly revolving over a fire of coals.

The tables were arranged in banquet order in the big sala of the Mission House; the visitors in the center; the missionaries on both sides of them; and the Filipino evangelists and their families completing the group. Sociability reigned and at the dramatic moment four husky men, two under each end of the pole and the pig swinging between them, came marching up the wide stairs, through the door and across the room, the nut-brown porker exuding hot grease in a trickling stream until he was deposited on the table. The assembled party did the rest. Mr. Rains was not a great eater of fat pork, but he was a great maker of speeches, and that was one of the times of his life.

In the evening he attended a mass meeting in the Mission Chapel and addressed a general audience. As he spoke only in English this address, as all others he made to Filipino audiences, was translated as delivered.

As he was to visit all the stations, no time was to be lost in pushing forward his program. The trip to the north was made by sea. Mr. Rains looked over the boat, and then went to arrange for the trip. While in the office some one asked him if he were subject to seasickness and he replied: "Yes, I get seasick when I go to buy a boat ticket." From Laoag, he was driven to the outstations by Dr. Lemmon, and made the trip to Vigan overland. There he had the experience of meeting with the annual Mission Convention, taking part in the discussion of mission problems, and offering helpful suggestions for the transaction of mission business. While there he was one evening taken to an outstation for a meeting and on the return, while walking across an open field, had the thrilling experience of being stoned.

The return to Manila was made overland as much as possible. The missionaries thought that before leaving the Islands, he should have the thrill of witnessing a cock fight. Accordingly, the whole station force escorted him and Mrs. Rains to a big cock pit. He mingled with the

motley crowd of Chinese and Filipinos who frequent such places, with considerable interest, until he came to the gallery where some men were adjusting the gaffs to the chickens' spurs. This was too much; he had no heart for anything as cruel as that, and since the pleasure of the visit was now ended, the party withdrew.

In all, their stay in the Islands occupied about five weeks, and they left for China followed by the good wishes and prayers of the entire Mission. The visit had brought encouragement and renewed energy to all and the genial good nature of Mr. Rains lingers to this day as a pleasant recollection with those he visited.

In a personal way, I felt a deep attachment to Mr. Rains. When the time came for me to enter upon what I had for years dreamed was to be my life work, I went to Cincinnati and appeared before the Executive Committee of the Foreign Society; after the conference, while sitting in the office reflecting upon circumstances so full of meaning to me, it was he who stepped in and in his kindly way informed me that I was accepted for foreign service in the Philippines. I have always cherished that message and he, as the bearer, has had from that day a place distinctly his own in my thoughts and affections. I am sure that what is true with me must be equally so with many others, and I am glad to be one of the number to record this expression of highest regard for him as one of my truest and best friends.

Dr. W. N. Lemmon, of Brownfield, Texas, who was compelled to leave the Philippines on account of ill health, says of Mr. Rains' five weeks spent in the Island:

From his visit we date the foundation laying of the Albert Allen Bible College and Dormitory, the germinating of the Mary Chiles Hospital and the unification of the

Philippine work. When Mr. Kershner returned to America for his furlough, Mr. Wolfe and I were left in Manila with instructions to find a location for the Albert Allen College. Knowing the desires of both Mr. Rains and Mr. Kershner, the college was located on Taft Avenue, just across from the Philippine University, where they thought it should be. Twelve years have come and gone; the Bible College is cooperating with the University Seminary; this through the continued efforts of Mr. Corey and other members of the Commission, making a strong central plant for the entire 3,000 islands, and the Bible being, therefore, accessible to all of the tribes. The press has been moved to Manila, thus unifying the two fields, with Mr. Hanna in charge, doing a valiant and heroic work, Mr. Wolfe having paved the way with his former Tagalog paper. The Mary Chiles Hospital, which germinated about that time, has proved its beneficial influence by ministering to thousands and bringing confidence to the people that the mission is for their good.

From the visit of the great missionary statesman, F. M. Rains, I feel that the beginning of the new life of the Philippine mission can be dated. We cannot and would not discount the great work of the Commission (S. J. Corey, Prof. W. C. Bower and R. A. Doan) but had it not been for the visit of Mr. Rains, they would have had to begin where he found us.

P. A. Davey, who was born in Australia and graduated from the College of the Bible, Lexington, Kentucky, and who spent about twenty years in Japan, speaks of Mr. Rains in relation to the missionaries in general and to the work in the Sunrise Kingdom:

As I think of Mr. Rains today in relation to the work of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society in Japan, I

think of one who had the deepest interest in the work, and who was most devoted to his task in relation to the work at the home base. His impress on the work was very much deeper than has generally been recognized. He so put his life into the enterprise that he identified himself with it, but the enterprise was always greater than himself and he naturally took his place in it as a man of sane, sagacious business sense who looked for results both at home and abroad and who honored his co-workers on both sides of the water by recognizing the work and worth of all.

Mr. Rains was a true friend of the missionaries and had a real interest in their welfare. He wished them to be happy in their home life and to have homes that should be havens of rest and good cheer. He had the welfare of all the missionaries at heart and was impartial in the interest he showed. He did not expect the missionary wife, burdened with household cares, to also be burdened with many mission duties. To a single missionary he said, "You should put by at least \$50 a month for the future." He desired the missionary to have adequate salary. He said, "You should read one new book a month." While true to the position of the Disciples of Christ in regard to baptism, he was broad-minded enough to recommend the *Congregationalist* as a religious weekly one ought to read. He was interested in the plans of the individual missionaries and of the mission in regard to the development of the work. I recollect that on his first visit he took a keen interest in the search for land for our educational interests which a few years later took shape in the erection first of the Boys' School and then of the Girls' School in Takinogawa. He sought to get information for the churches at home that supply the sinews of war. I believe that while the whole work was on his heart he conceived his main task to be that of providing men and means for the task abroad. I doubt very much whether the educational plant we now have in Takinogawa would have come to be, at least until

years later, if it had not been for the vision Mr. Rains got of the need and the efforts he made to supply it.

Mr. Rains had a big heart. He was not able to do for the missionaries all he would have liked, and doubtless now and then a young missionary, before he got a true perspective of the whole missionary task, was disappointed because he did not get the equipment he wanted. I have always had a very great sympathy for Mr. Rains and for Mr. McLean, both because they seemed to me to be between the buffers of a train, with the criticisms of the reactionary forces of missionary unbelief at home on one side, and the missionaries with their great plans which could not be put into effect because the churches at home had not caught the vision of their task, on the other.

On his last visit to Japan Mr. Rains was not well, yet everyone could see how very deeply his heart was set on the work to which he had so unsparingly given his life. He could see a wonderful growth along educational lines and in material equipment but I imagine he must have been disappointed that the growth in direct evangelistic work had not been commensurate with the educational work. The evangelistic side of the work had not been overlooked but there had been peculiar difficulty in Japan in keeping prepared workers on the field, this being so necessary to continuity of effort and permanence of result. He and Mr. McLean have had burdens to bear throughout the years of which most folks at home not in intimate touch with the work little dream.

Brother Rains, although his work for the cause in Japan was mainly in America, put himself into the foundations of a work in Japan which we trust shall prove to be a pillar in the house of the Lord.

In the files of the Foreign Society we find a letter written by Alexander Paul of China, to Mr.

McLean, regarding the visit of Mr. Rains to that country:

I want to say to you that we are delighted with the spirit of love and sympathy that Mr. Rains has shown. He is entering into our problems in a way that we had thought impossible for him or any other man coming from the outside to do. His visit is going to do us untold good. Already he has cleared up many misunderstandings that have existed between you as an executive committee and us on the field. We feel that we have seen into Mr. Rains' heart and some of us have for the first time seen the love and sympathy that are stored up there for us people on the field. We admire his frankness. He has talked to us very freely and called us down good and hard, but he did it in the spirit of Christ. We thank the Father for his coming among us. He will not be able to please all, but to the great majority of us he will bring you good people into a different relationship. We have always loved and respected you all, but we have not understood you and we feel you have not always understood us. If Mr. Rains continues to clear up these misunderstandings, we as a mission will be continually grateful to the Father and with deeper zeal and consecration seek to carry the message of our God to these lost people.

A. E. Cory, for many years a missionary in China and who came home to lead in the Men and Millions Movement and later became an important factor in the Interchurch World Movement and one of the secretaries in the United Christian Missionary Society, contributes the following:

It was my great pleasure to see Mr. Rains on two visits in China, one in 1901 and one in 1911. Mr. and Mrs. Rains

were in China and went with us to our first mission station. His wonderful cheerfulness, his deep sympathy, his keen humor cheered the missionaries at all times. He had that rare quality of getting the confidence of the missionaries. They talked to him and he with them. His criticisms were kindly and came only after he had shown full appreciation of their work. He inspired them to larger things. He often challenged them to do greater things than they had ever thought of doing and at all times he laid upon them the need of evangelism. He was able to glorify the common task more than any man I have ever known. His visit was a benediction.

Mr. Rains had the rare faculty of seeing things in the large. He came to China in 1911 after a visit to the other mission fields. China was thinking of her own troubles. Our missionaries were talking of raising money for our own needs. He encouraged this. He was sympathetic to every proposition, but he gradually pointed out that China ought not to think of herself alone, but that any money that was raised ought to be for all of the fields.

So by great vision, wonderful companionship, and with an unbounded faith there grew out of that conference the plan for the first Million Dollar Campaign. To Mr. Rains more than to any other single individual is due the large vision for individual campaigns which has come to the Disciples in the last decade.

CHAPTER SIX

A DEDICATOR OF CHURCHES

It would be most interesting if we had a complete list of the churches dedicated by Mr. Rains. Unfortunately, he never kept such a record. With him, when a work was finished that was the end of it and he was ready for the next duty. The number of such churches has been variously estimated at from eight hundred to a thousand.

His first dedication came about in this wise: Isaac Errett was to have dedicated the church at Lyons, Kansas, in 1883. As Mr. Rains had never been to a church dedication, he thought this would be a good opportunity to attend one and at the same time to hear Mr. Errett. What was his consternation when he reached Lyons, to learn that Mr. Errett was ill and unable to be present, and that they were depending upon him to lead in providing the money for their new church home. He protested that he knew nothing of that form of service, but to no avail. M. T. Hough was the pastor. I. N. McCash, afterward Secretary of the American Christian Missionary Society, and now president of Phillips University, Enid, Oklahoma, was at that time teaching school in Lyons. Mr. Rains, years afterward, in recalling the occasion, says of Mr. McCash: "Through his efforts and the

little I could do, we raised more than enough. He did more than I could do. He was well known in the community and commanded a large influence. He was not a preacher then; he was a teacher and a good one."

It is interesting to note that in 1906, after having made a reputation as a church dedicator, he was recalled to Lyons to assist in the dedication of a second building.

Mr. Rains would leave the office of the Foreign Society Friday afternoon or Saturday morning, depending upon the distance. Arriving at his destination he would call a meeting of the board of officers, to lay plans for the campaign to clear the church of indebtedness. Saturday night he would preach to the church members, striving to put them in a hopeful and expectant frame of mind. Sunday morning, after a short talk in the Sunday school, he would preach on "The Church" or "The Kingdom," and then call for cash and pledges. He had the faculty of keeping everybody in a good humor and seldom failed to secure the amount needed. Sunday afternoon was usually given over to a fellowship and congratulatory service, participated in by the different religious bodies of the place. Sunday evening, Mr. Rains always spoke on some phase of world-wide missions, often taking a train at the close of the service and being at his desk at eight o'clock the next morning. He would work all week and then repeat the process.

This he would do week after week, seemingly knowing no limit to his endurance.

On these occasions, as well as at other times when visiting churches, Mr. Rains did much to encourage the pastors, stirring up the churches to a proper appreciation of their labors, and as Mr. Armistead indicates in another chapter, was the means of having the church send the pastor to the national conventions, and in many cases release him for a year's study in a university.

Miss Gertrude Smith, of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes that Mr. Rains dedicated the church at Massillon, Ohio, in 1891, when her father was pastor there, and in addition to raising all the money needed, suggested that an extra amount be given to send Mr. Smith away for a rest. This was done. It will be remembered that C. C. Smith, after being a successful pastor, became the faithful and beloved Secretary of the Board of Negro Evangelization, and as such made a worthy contribution to the missionary work of the Disciples of Christ. This good man went to his reward early in 1919, and Mr. Rains attended his funeral when scarcely able to get about himself.

George L. Snively, who is having phenomenal success in dedicating churches, contributes the following:

It is yet difficult for one who knew him well to write the biography of Francis M. Rains.

So persuasive his presence, so magnetic his personality, so tense and dominating his very aura, we are still under the spell of him. Going in and out among us, stilling winds and waves, heartening us, ever near us and yet before us on the hill just above, he fearlessly called in clarion notes with a voice that for a third of a century compelled each morning's rear guard of some sector of the Lord's hosts to kindle their evening fires where the morning vanguard had folded their tents. None other of our mighty leaders possessed his power to make of "Our Movement" one continuous processional toward the great ideal of the united hosts of the Lord to win all this world for the Christ.

Only his tensely alert and masterful genius for leadership could best mobilize consecrated resources into irresistible forces of righteousness and compel them on to those incomparable victories starring our history during his meridian activities. None such preceded him, nor have they surpassed him since he laid his armor down. One familiar blast upon his bugle now were worth ten thousand men.

It was divine endowment that made him one of the greatest of all the immortals whose renown has helped glorify the great brotherhood he fervently loved and faithfully served. Among the trophies of his distinguished career, none is more lustrous than that won in his ministry as a dedicator of churches. In this realm he was for a quarter of a century the unrivaled premier. No biography would be complete without a chapter dealing with this phase of his versatile genius and diversified usefulness. It is possible that his contemporaries, L. L. Carpenter of the Christian church and Chaplain McCabe of the Methodist bodies, dedicated more buildings than he, but the same statistics will show they did not approach him in the noble class of buildings dedicated. It is certain that he surpassed them in the amount of monies assembled, the number of lives consecrated to God in conjunction with

dedicatorial ceremonies and in the far-reaching and life exalting influences radiating out from him when he was announced as the dedicator of a new church home. Oh, that God would raise up many among us today worthy to bear his mantle, capable of doing his work among the churches!

We are profoundly impressed with his self-dedication to God. Had he entered the Temple of Trade, his ships would have sailed the Seven Seas. He cared not for silver or gold save as they advanced the boundaries of the Kingdom of Heaven. Had he sought Caesar first, he would have sat down with the Councilors of State, but he saw in Caesar only a peace officer guarding the outer approaches to the sanctuary. Had he been a devotee of technical learning, volumes in lecture rooms would have borne his imprint on worn bindings, and his name would flash in foot note references in scholarly treatises. But he humbly sought to learn the way of the Lord more perfectly and to build homes where His Word might be taught and His Spirit be more thoroughly inculcated. Yes, on the altar of self-dedication he renounced all ambitions leading to the laboratory, counting room, or to halls of earthly fame.

He was possessed of an unfaltering faith in a God who delights to so intervene in human affairs as to change impending dedication defeats into victorious, joyous festivals. On hundreds of occasions he has stood amidst prophets of disaster and through the power of an all-conquering faith has compelled gifts from hands reluctant at first till made to feel they were giving to Him with whom they would have to do in the inevitable final accounting.

Among the endowments qualifying him for his position as America's premier dedicator were cheerfulness and friendliness. In olden times "stranger" and "enemy" were synonymous. In Francis Rains' lexicon "acquaintance" and "friend" were practically so. Congregations were his friends. Oftentimes, as at Lyons, Kansas, he dedicated the church reared by a handful of charter mem-

bers. Years afterward, that congregation would build commensurately with its multiplied numbers and wealth. Many times the friends of earlier years would have him recalled to dedicate the nobler temple.

He was not frivolous, but one of his Father's merriest children. He bubbled over with cheerfulness. Into the serious business of urging men to fill to its overflowing brim the last full measure of devotion to God he would bring laughter and hilarity, dispelling fears and pessimism, and in this characteristic atmosphere of friendliness and cheerfulness he wrought the magic success.

He never exalted money to first place among earthly values. He taught and practiced the doctrine that money should be men's servant, not their master. He never worshiped money, he used it. He was not an ascetic. He lived well himself and delighted in seeing others comfortably situated, but he protested alike against the hoarding of gold or its misuse in luxurious living or wastefulness. You are not your own, all you are and have are His, having been bought with the blood of Jesus. Believing and practicing this doctrine and advocating it with fiery, impetuous eloquence, it is little wonder that men under the spell he cast over great crowds made restitution to God and redeemed his churches from the thrall of debt.

Mr. Rains had a faith like unto Paul's and he possessed a Christlike optimism. He had the power to see tulips where others could see only the unlovely bulbs. While others could see only a little band toiling painfully up the long hill of debt, he could see that church redeemed unto the Lord, its numbers multiplied, their hearts purified from earth's dross, its debts vanished. He could hear the penitent's voice in the midst of the congregation, and the songs of praise and shouts of joy. This faculty of beholding laden orchards where others saw only apple seeds gave him almost magical power to impel the people on to the second mile.

He rejoiced in and encouraged the successes of other dedicators, thus multiplying his own golden sheaves. I greatly prize one of the last letters he ever penned. In congratulating me over having assisted Mark Collis at the dedication of the Broadway Christian Church home, Lexington, Kentucky, he was magnanimous enough to add: "That is the largest amount ever assembled at the dedication of one of our churches, and now that my strength is failing I am depending on you to carry on my dedicatory ministry among the churches."

Doubtless on through the ages, our churches shall practice this beautiful dedicatorial formula arranged by Mr. Rains:

"We now set apart this house to the worship of the living and true God and to the service of Jesus Christ our Lord. We devote it to the preaching of the gospel of the grace of God for the conversion of sinners and to the education of Christians in a knowledge of spiritual truth, in all the graces of Christian character and in all the activities of Christian life. Here shall the incense of prayer and praise ascend to God. Here shall the ordinances of the Lord's house be sacredly observed. Here shall the word of God which liveth and abideth forever be sounded out for the salvation of the perishing, and shine as a perpetual light to guide God's pilgrims through the night of time to the light of everlasting glory. Here may children of sin and sorrow find a refuge from despair and ruin, and Christians a harbor to which they can resort when the tempest is high and still be safe. Here in the hearts of humble worshipers may the Holy Spirit find a temple, and the doctrine of God's word distil upon waiting and thirsty spirits, as the rain upon the mown grass and as the showers that water the earth; so that righteousness may flourish and holiness abound and all the rich fruit of the Spirit be yielded in a blessed harvest to the praise of God. May no discordant

note of strife ever be heard within these walls, no unholy spirit of pride or worldliness find entrance here; but may the faith, out of which all goodness springs, the hope which purifies and comforts the sorrowing heart and the love which honors God, blesses man and binds Christians in blessed fellowship ever inspire and sway the hearts and lives of those who worship here, so that with one mind and heart they may strive together for the faith delivered, and let their light so shine that others seeing their good works may glorify our Father who is in Heaven.

“May these earthly courts be as the holy place in the temple, separated only by a veil from the holiest of all, in which the royal priests of the house of God may trim the golden lamp, eat of the bread of life and burn incense at the golden altar; and thus drawing near to God with true hearts in full assurance of faith may they be prepared to enter finally ‘within the veil,’ to rejoice in the presence of God, where there is fullness of joy, and at His right hand where there are blessings forever more.

“And may God graciously accept this offering of a house in His name—an offering made by grateful hearts and willing hands—and bless every heart that shares in this gift. And when, one by one, those who have shared in this service shall be taken from these earthly scenes and leave a vacant seat, may they find a yet more blessed home in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, where the worshipers shall go out no more forever. May multitudes here be born to God, so that when all these here today shall have gone to their eternal home, others will take up the service and repeat from generation to generation the old, old story of the cross, the songs of Zion and the prayers of saints until Jesus comes, and all His redeemed are gathered home.

“We give thanks to God that His people have been able to offer willingly after this sort. We invoke His blessings on the labor of their hands. And we commit to His holy

care and keeping all the interests connected with this religious enterprise. May the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us. And establish Thou the work of our hands upon us, yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it. Let this house be a home for the stranger, a place of welcome and comfort for the poor, a consolation for the distressed and a place of salvation for the sinner. Let it be a place for the guidance of youth, for the consolation of age, for the good of men and women and for the glory of God.”

I hesitate to insert this incomplete list of new church homes he dedicated, but it will illustrate the wide scope of his ministry, and awaken some fond memories:—

Augusta, Georgia	Mason, Kentucky
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma	Findlay, Ohio
Ft. Worth, Texas	Chester, Nebraska
Salem, Illinois	Hutchinson, Kansas
Jackson, Illinois	Independence, Missouri
Shelbyville, Indiana	Memphis (McLemore), Tennessee
Mobile, Alabama	Kansas City (Jackson Avenue), Missouri
Larned, Kansas	Cleveland (Aetna), Ohio
Boone, Iowa	Norman, Oklahoma
Atwood, Kansas	Petersburg, Illinois
Ada, Ohio	Columbus (Wilson Avenue), Ohio
Junction City, Kansas	Bethany (University), Nebraska
New London, Missouri	Cincinnati (Oakley), Ohio
Beatrice, Nebraska	McConnellsville, Ohio
Lawrence, Kansas	Roanoke, Virginia
Robinson, Illinois	Lexington (Maxwell Street), Kentucky
Ottumwa, Iowa	Robinson, Kentucky
Sioux City, Iowa	Lebanon, Kansas
Atlanta, Georgia	
Youngstown, Ohio	
London, Kentucky	
Rushville, Indiana	
Neosho, Missouri	

Dodge City, Kansas	Owenton, Kentucky
Cleveland (Euclid Avenue), Ohio	Atlantic, Indiana
Cleveland (Broadway), Ohio	Dallas (Oak Cliff), Texas
Delavan, Illinois	Wichita (Lawrence Avenue), Kansas
Berry, Kentucky	Danbury, Connecticut
Raritan, Illinois	Elliott, Iowa
Cincinnati (Fergus Street), Ohio	La Plata, Missouri
Maryville, Missouri	Sardinia, Ohio
Washington, Pennsylvania	Osceola, Iowa
Brazil, Indiana	Frankford, Missouri
Winchester, Kentucky	Athens, Ohio
Omaha (First), Nebraska	Shelbyville, Missouri
Omaha (South), Nebraska	Augusta, Kansas
Fredonia, Kansas	Prairie City, Iowa
Logansport, Indiana	Lyons, Kansas (1886-1906)
Broken Bow, Nebraska	Grenola, Kansas
Coshocton, Ohio	Wellington, Kansas
Lakewood, Ohio	South Haven, Kansas
St. Louis (Maplewood), Missouri	Coffeyville, Kansas
Plum Creek, Indiana	Cameron, Missouri
Shoals, Indiana	Soldier, Kansas
Richmond, Kentucky	Junction City, Missouri
Colfax, Indiana	Elk City, Kansas
Columbus, Ohio	New London, Missouri
Indianapolis (Third), In- diana	Amazonia, Missouri
Norwood, Ohio	Turner, Missouri
Quincy, Illinois	Linneus, Nebraska
Moreland, Kentucky	Hebron, Nebraska
Sidney, Ohio	Hastings, Nebraska
Manhattan, Kansas	Delphos, Iowa
Amarillo, Texas	Clinton, Illinois
Bethany, West Virginia	Westmoreland, Kansas
	Dayton, Ohio
	Red Cloud, Nebraska

Kansas City (Forest Avenue), Missouri	Oskaloosa, Iowa
Dennison, Texas	Odessa, Missouri
Wheeling, Missouri	Decatur, Illinois
Kansas City, Kansas	Mt. Carmel, Illinois
Hannibal, Missouri	Minneapolis, (Portland Avenue), Minnesota
Colorado Springs, Colorado	Kansas City (South Prospect), Missouri
Leroy, Illinois	St. Louis, (Tuxedo Place), Missouri
Jacksonville, Illinois	Keokuk, Iowa
Hopkinsville, Kentucky	Noblesville, Indiana
Jackson, Mississippi	Steubenville, Ohio
Poplar Bluff, Missouri	Barry, Illinois
Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania	Massillon, Ohio
Mt. Olivet, Kentucky	Crawfordsville, Indiana
Newton Falls, Ohio	Madison, Indiana
Jacksonville, Florida	North Tonawanda, New York
Louisville, Kentucky	Dallas (East Side), Texas
Paragould, Arkansas	La Plata, Missouri
Carterville, Illinois	Rushsylvania, Ohio
Laredo, Ohio	Springfield, Illinois
Colfax, Illinois	St. Joseph, Missouri
Tipton, Indiana	St. Louis (Union Avenue Sunday School), Missouri
Bellevue, Kentucky	Lawrenceburg, Indiana
Laurens, Iowa	Chicago (Englewood), Illinois
Hillsboro, Texas	Trenton, Missouri
Dallas, Texas	Higginsville, Missouri
Gainesville, Texas	Kokomo, Indiana
Moberly, Missouri	Perry, Missouri
Tina, Missouri	Mexico, Missouri
Mason, Iowa	
Butler, Missouri	
Hedrick, Iowa	
Lincoln, Nebraska	
Sadieville, Kentucky	

These are only a few of the hundreds along his dedicatorial trail, leading from Boston Bay to the Golden

Gate, and from the snowy plains of the Canadas to lands laved by the warm waters of the Southern Gulf.

Here too, it should be recorded, these herculean efforts were purely works of love. His financial compensation for them with scrupulous care was assigned to the treasury of the church societies with which he was identified. His earnings as a dedicator frequently more than paid his salary as Secretary of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society.

Never again will the silvery voice of the great dedicator ring out over multitudes expecting the miraculous of him. O, for one more flash of wit, another wondrous smile, an old time appeal clothed in the fire of ancient Israel's prophets! Once again let us hear the familiar hurrying of feet, the clinking coins, rings and jewels, and the shout of victory! Enter thou into nobler temple than human voice can dedicate, that other building of God, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

A unique dedicatory service and one in which Mr. Rains took great interest was that of the steamship Oregon, which took place in the shipyards at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, during the Centennial convention of 1909.

In 1897 Mr. Rains had gone to Boston with E. E. Faris of Texas and Dr. Harry N. Biddle of Cincinnati, Ohio, to see them embark on that long journey to Africa. As the great boat swung out into the bay, he had mingled feelings of anxiety for the young men who were going, with such brave hearts and high courage, to what was an unknown land to the Disciples of Christ, and pride in the fact that another great mission field was to

be opened—the first since his connection with the Foreign Christian Missionary Society.

Twelve years had passed. Sorrow and joy had come to the African mission. Dr. Biddle had died of tropical fever, and been buried in the Canary Islands, before the mission site had been located at Bolenge. But recruits had been sent and the mission was well established.

Great need was found for a steamer to carry the missionaries and supplies from place to place. After hearing Dr. and Mrs. Royal J. Dye at the Oregon Convention, the people of that State agreed to provide such a steamer, and most of the money was given by them. At the dedication service money was raised to transport the boat to the Congo. After taking pledges, dollars were showed on the deck as the lights were turned on and the crowd sang, "Let the Lower Lights be Burning."

While Mr. Rains had many calls for dedications in the last few years of his life, he was obliged to decline them in order to conserve his health. So far as can be learned his last dedication was the Oak Cliff Church, Dallas, Texas, in September, 1916.

CHAPTER SEVEN

AS AN EVANGELIST

Several have spoken of the evangelistic meetings held by Mr. Rains during his student days as well as when State Secretary of Kansas. He took delight in recalling how while in college he and Julius Kendrick held a meeting in a small country church in Kentucky for two weeks, one doing the preaching and the other leading the singing. At the close of the meeting, they were given \$6.25, "which," he said, "was probably all it was worth." Upon another occasion, after having hired a horse and buggy to convey him to an appointment, one of the members took him behind the church building and in a very confidential manner informed him that he believed in supporting the preacher and wanted to make a contribution. Mr. Rains had visions of at least \$5.00, when he was handed fifty cents! This was all he received.

E. B. Barnes, of Cleveland, Ohio, for a number of years a successful pastor and writer, describes Mr. Rains as an evangelist.

Mr. Rains was a born evangelist. Successful as he was in the many offices he filled, I believe he would have been a history-making evangelist had his energies been wholly devoted to that work. It was in the evangelistic field while state evangelist of Kansas that he attracted the attention of the brotherhood, and that attention he held to the last.

Although born in Kentucky Mr. Rains was a man of the West. That section of our country left deep impressions upon him. He had the ease and freedom which are associated with our prairie states. There was never anything aloof about him; he revealed himself in his sermons, in the home and in what he wrote. He was as much at home before an audience as in a pastor's study. He never had a case of "nerves" when he arose to speak. Neither the crowd nor the individual were strangers to him long. He was probably the best known man in our brotherhood. He could never be a man of mystery.

The College of the Bible, which Mr. Rains attended, has always kept two ideals to the front; the first is to give the student a thorough knowledge of the Bible; and the second is to teach the young preacher how to preach. Those ideals are paramount there until this day. Two factors favor the student-preacher there—a fine type of Southern oratory prevails; and many churches are within easy reach of Lexington where the rising minister may have ample opportunities to exercise his gifts. Many of the older members of such congregations point with pride to the "big" preachers they have made, while the preachers delight to refer to the beginnings of their ministry at the Cross Roads church. Whatever may be thought of the merits of student-preaching, there are many congregations which could not exist without such; anything mature being beyond their ability to secure, and if the wisdom of the student-preacher is not profound he is likely to impart a degree of enthusiasm and vigor to the congregation which atones for the many defects of inexperience. His ignorance of a hundred subjects makes him magnificently fearless, while his denunciation of sin saves many a sinner from his downward career. The only way to learn to preach is to preach, and Mr. Rains learned how at Lexington.

Nature bestowed her gifts reluctantly on our great missionary bishop and associate of Mr. Rains, Archibald McLean, but Nature was generous with her gifts to Mr. Rains. He had what we call in these days a fine approach to people of all classes. Very few ever felt that there were any barriers to be removed between them and Mr. Rains. At once a community of interest was established. It was as true when he was in the pulpit. He knew how to present his cause. In the business world he would have been a great salesman. The same gift was invaluable to him as a preacher and evangelist.

He was gifted with more than his share of enthusiasm. He had enough of that rare quality for a dozen men. I doubt whether there has ever been a man among us who, as an enthusiast, could approach him. Crowds were moved by his enthusiasm under the most adverse conditions. Opposition was broken down under its spell. It is one of the essentials in this world which must be inherent like the gift of music. Cultivation will do something, but as a rule, it must come from outside, and unless carefully guarded it leads to all the excesses of fanaticism, but under restraint it is one of the greatest boons to man. Who has not felt that power when Mr. Rains was on a convention platform, at a dedication, or in a revival meeting? How flat and stale the proceedings after Mr. Rains had concluded his address or sermon. He set the occasion on fire and made ordinary days the memory of a lifetime. The ice of conventionality melted under the warmth of this genial soul. He regarded the proprieties of the hour, but proprieties were not allowed to become the grave of power for him.

His voice was a great asset, and what delight he took in taxing it to the utmost! It was a wonderful organ to endure unbroken to the end of his public ministry. It could be heard in the ordinary conversational tones,

no matter how large the auditorium, while the higher ranges were impressive in their power.

When Mr. Rains was driving home some lesson with his trip-hammer voice, there was never a listless hearer. In quality it was a tenor or high baritone. I have heard him at times when the voice was like the rising and falling of a bird against a head wind. It was equal to every occasion. It was not Websterian, neither did it possess any of the velvet-smoothness of the flute, yet for work it did all that was demanded of it, an enormous amount of work, and never flagged. It was just the voice needed to convey those messages of tremendous power and enthusiasm.

He had the two gifts which every orator must have, pathos and humor. If a man have the one, he is certain to have the other. The great humorists of the world were often men of broken hearts. They knew how to live above the clouds, and to dwell in the somber regions of the valley. Mr. Rains knew how to make people laugh and how to make them cry.

With such gifts how could he help being a great evangelist? He lived just a little after the theatrical stage of our evangelism had passed, and a little too early to benefit by the revolutionary methods of organized evangelism. His forte was to preach first principles, enforced by homely illustrations and then to exhort as though everything depended upon the exhortation. And he could exhort! Seldom have I heard any evangelist who was his equal. The fine old art is passing away, the preacher is not moved to tears, and the converts "join the church" or sign a card, and the proceedings are entirely regular. But Mr. Rains, like Gipsy Smith, kept alive the power of the exhortation and sinners were moved to repentance. If only *he* could have been printed as well as the sermon what power those sermons would lend to the preachers of today!

The sermon is dull type without the man behind it. But every sermon that Mr. Rains preached in a protracted meeting thrilled with life and power. He put himself into the message if ever a man did.

I was with him in one of the great meetings of his career in the early nineties, following a dedication which in many ways was remarkable. Another large congregation in the town a few weeks before had failed to raise any considerable amount of money at its dedication services conducted by one of its most prominent ministers of that section. Mr. Rains made our dedicatory services seem easy. The day was a great victory. Then the meeting in a most conservative community reached all classes of people, and the house was crowded night after night. I do not recall a subject which could be called sensational, or a single sermon-subject, or any striking passages or treatment of subjects; yet the intense earnestness and enthusiasm of the evangelist were sufficient to make everybody talk about the meeting, to bring the crowds who are interested in the latest novelty, as well as to keep the rank and file of the membership in their places every night. It was one of those meetings which brings to conviction the men and women who have been regular churchgoers, the ones who have withstood many evangelistic efforts and exhortations of pastors, and even entire households into the Kingdom. Shattered friendships were restored, old debts were paid, broken men were started anew on the upward way, the rich and the poor alike sang "Blest be the tie that binds," and a new era came to the community. The evangelist made a name for himself that was long remembered. What he did there he did in a large degree in other communities. The opportunity was as much a feast of soul for him as for those to whom he spoke. The events of his life conspired to make him an evangelist had he not chosen to use his wonderful

gifts in the cause of world-wide missions the greater part of his life.

Mr. Rains was deeply touched by the Foreign Missionary cause. He came to love it supremely. It had a wonderful effect upon his own spiritual nature, for in that work he mellowed until he spoke on so many occasions with tenderness and tears. He spent his days with a great co-worker, Archibald McLean, whose shadow, like that of Peter's, fell upon all his associates, and who, more than most men in our ranks, had learned the secret of abiding under the shadow of the Almighty, and imparted something of that secret to others.

Mr. Rains never lost his passion for preaching. In his later years he longed for the opportunity to study and preach. Carl Agee, the beloved pastor of the Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, Church of Christ, who has been released for a year's vacation to pursue some studies in Yale University, writes of the influence of Mr. Rains upon his own life, and gives an account of an evangelistic meeting held for the church at Flat Rock, a well-to-do community twelve miles from Paris, Kentucky. This was perhaps, the first meeting he had held in twenty-five years, and lasted for two weeks in the month of August, being a part of his vacation.

Mr. Rains was the cause of my going to Flat Rock in the first place. Before that I was teaching and preaching; majoring in teaching and minoring in preaching. My going there was the beginning of my full-time ministry.

J. C. Ogden (of Tibet) was announced to speak for us one Sunday in April of the spring, 1913, but could not come. Mr. Rains came to take his place, and I re-

member he introduced his address by saying he was not worthy to stoop down and unloose the shoe-latchets of Mr. Ogden. He was at his best that day, and I have never seen a congregation more deeply moved. That afternoon, with several of the men of the church, we visited old Cane Ridge and the tomb of Barton W. Stone. It was there that we asked Mr. Rains if he would consider holding us a meeting that summer, and he consented.

That meeting will long be remembered by the people of Flat Rock community. Many of the older members of the church often remarked that it was their greatest meeting. Some of us were a bit apprehensive concerning Mr. Rains' power of individual appeal, after having been so closely identified with the Foreign Society for such a long time. In a very few days this feeling was all gone, and he was enjoying a hearty response from everyone. He stirred that community in a wonderful way. Fifty-two responded to the invitation. An aged mother and her four strong sons were baptized together. A father in his seventieth year walked down the aisle hand in hand with his daughter. He emphasized strongly the individual nature of religion and the power of the gospel.

At the same time he stressed the function of the church and its obligation to serve the community. Before the meeting closed a movement was well under way to erect a beautiful parsonage, and before a year had passed the church had doubled its budget and decided to occupy the full time of their minister instead of half time.

My training up to that time had been very scant and unsatisfactory, and several times he would say, "Agee, how old are you?" I would answer, "Twenty-four," and he would say, "Well, now, there is ———, who didn't go to college until after he was twenty-five and he has made good. Go to college." Since then I have spent six years in college and university and I feel that he had a great part in that. I am sitting here in my

study this afternoon in New England, writing my graduation thesis in a great university; thus realizing a dream of my youth, largely because of the friendship and advice of Mr. Rains. I loved him like a father and respected his judgment and goodness absolutely.

When Mr. Rains returned from his visit to the mission fields in 1911, it was found that he was anemic and while, from time to time, he was built up apparently to normal strength and able to do a vast amount of work, at the same time the cold winters were very trying for him, and the work of the Foreign Society was planned so that he could spend that period in the South, where he visited conventions, colleges, assisted many churches in reaching the Living Link standard and held some evangelistic meetings. In all of these services he took every opportunity of advancing the foreign missionary cause.

In 1915 he held a short meeting with what was at that time a small and struggling church at Miami, Florida, making a short trip to Cuba at the close, in the interest of the mission there.

In November, 1917, he attended the state conventions of North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi and during that Winter and Spring held meetings for the churches at Montgomery, Alabama; Valdosta, Georgia; Meridian, Mississippi and the Woodland Park Church, Lexington, Kentucky. Mr. E. T. Edmonds, pastor of the latter church, has written as follows:

I was talking a few days ago with Professor J. W. Porter, about the meeting that F. M. Rains held for the Woodland Christian Church in Lexington, Kentucky, at the close of May, 1918. Professor Porter was rather averse to having Mr. Rains hold this meeting for he thought he would talk about missions to the exclusion of other types of teaching more adapted to the revival. But he and others had all their misgivings on this point thoroughly dissipated. Mr. Rains preached along the lines peculiar to Disciples in evangelistic work. But he did not confine himself to that line of preaching. Pretty much every phase of practical Christianity was included in his series of sermons. I had been reading in the months preceding the meeting several books that were at that time popular among all preachers. I found Mr. Rains quite conversant with this type of literature. It showed itself not only in special quotations but in the general fibre of his preaching.

I had known Mr. Rains in the beginning of his public life and through the intervening years, not intimately, but in a way that gave me a good opportunity to watch his growth in mind and heart. But few men I suppose ever made greater use of natural endowments than did Mr. Rains. The raw and unpolished youth developed into a great statesman for the Kingdom. "Twelve men did once hold together, and the whole face of the world was changed." And thank God that in their own day Rains, McLean and others inspired men to repeat the triumphs of the first apostles of the faith.

That Mr. Rains had clear-cut ideas on the subject of how to conduct evangelistic meetings, as well as how to get a missionary offering, is evidenced by the following taken from a paper published while he was State Secretary of Kansas:

F. M. Rains, who is one of our most efficient revivalists in the state, sets forth the following points as necessary to success in a protracted meeting:

1. Let the church be ready for the meeting. Let every member of the church so arrange his business that he can be in regular attendance, and also give some time to the meeting in inducing his neighbors to be present. If the church is ready and willing to work, the success of the meeting is almost assured.

2. Have good singing. I mean sing old and familiar songs and get as many as possible to sing. This is no time to practice new songs and to make a display in the music. There is power for good in songs; utilize this power. Be in earnest and sing in earnest. Do not let the singing drag. Do not start the songs too high or too low.

3. Commence on time. Do not wait for people to come if the hour has arrived to begin. The way to begin is to begin.

4. Have short scriptural readings, short prayers, and short sermons.

5. Preach so as to make men feel the need of a Savior. Teach men much of sin and its effects and point them to the source of cleansing. Get them willing to be saved and then tell them how. Do not abuse anybody, but preach the truth with power. Make men feel that you are preaching the truth, and that the truth alone can save.

6. Pay the preacher for his labor, and have the money ready when the meeting closes. Do not take up a public collection at the close or at any time during the meeting. Determine on how much you ought to pay, and then pay it. Do not be afraid of paying too much, but be much afraid of paying too little. It is better to have an understanding with the preacher as to the amount to be paid before the meeting begins.

CHAPTER EIGHT

AS A FRIEND

J. D. Armistead, pastor of the church at Cynthiana, Kentucky, and at one time pastor of the Norwood, Ohio, church, pays the following tribute to Mr. Rains:

A popular writer, Charles Kingsley, once said, "Make a rule, and pray God to help you keep it, never, if possible to lie down at night without being able to say, 'I have made one human being, at least, a little wiser, a little happier or a little better this day.' You will find it easier than you think, and pleasanter." F. M. Rains could come as nearly doing this as anyone whom I have known. To be with him during any day was to be made "a little wiser, a little happier, or a little better." One of the first things that he learned was to love well. It was out of a big heart that his kindly words of wisdom and helpfulness came. To many who were acquainted with him as a missionary leader, he was probably more often thought of as an expert in inducing Christian people to give money, but to many who knew the inner side of his life, and had the opportunity to know him as a friend, the big-heartedness of the man was seen as the secret of his success in raising money.

F. M. Rains was a big man in both mind and heart. His relation to the Kingdom was not due to his skill in getting money, but to his love for God and men. Even today I thrill with the recollection of how his soul was moved when he talked of the environment in which our missionaries lived. "Heathenism, heathenism everywhere!" he would say, and tears would course down

his cheeks. Public speakers can move themselves to tears with their own utterances, but these tears came in a private conversation. Whether dedicating a church or appealing for higher ideals for another year of missionary campaign he always spoke out of love for the cause.

However, love for the Kingdom found very concrete expression in his love for his brethren. In his last hours his true self found words when he said to his saintly friend, A. McLean, "I love the brethren, I love the brethren." Then turning to members of his family he said of A. McLean, with broken and feeble voice, "I have known him forty years and I love him with unceasing love." Outside of his family, perhaps he loved no one as he did Archibald McLean, his comrade for twenty-six years. As one who was associated with him for a number of years as a member of the executive committee of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, it was a delight and an inspiration to see the love he bore for our apostle of missions. In spite of differences in temperament A. McLean and F. M. Rains loved one another like David and Jonathan.

In the beginning of my ministry it became my good fortune to become the pastor of F. M. Rains, a privilege which brought life-long blessings to me. Because I was a young and inexperienced preacher at that time, and became attached to him as a warm friend, I have been asked to give some of the ways in which he showed his friendship for a young preacher. Such a recollection of his kindness in those days should have its influence in the lives of others who are entering upon that same holy calling.

The first expression of his friendship came when friendship was sorely needed. My first pastorate having had a brief and troubled course, I found myself spending Christmas at my father's home, wondering if I had not mistaken my call. I wrote F. M. Rains telling him

I was at home with no place to preach. He wrote immediately for me to come to Norwood, Ohio, that he needed a pastor. Shall I ever forget the joy that letter brought? Inasmuch as his relation to the Foreign Society often caused him to be absent on Sunday and throughout the week, it happened that he was not present when I preached for the church my trial sermon. Before he returned I had decided that I was not qualified to meet the needs of the church, and so notified the officers. Having nothing else to do I agreed to remain and preach for the church the following Sunday. On Saturday night F. M. Rains came home. He learned my decision, and sat up with me until midnight until he had put confidence in my heart, and changed the whole aspect of my future, persuading me to be willing to accept a call if one were given. It was given the next morning, and I entered upon my work as pastor of the Norwood Church simply because he had befriended one who needed a friend. Some of us go through life trying to do the things our friends believe we can do, rather than the things that appear possible to ourselves. "Give a man one friend who can understand him, who," said Hammetton, "will not leave him, who will always be accessible day and night, one friend, one kindly listener, just one, and the whole universe is changed."

F. M. Rains knew how to encourage his pastor. It is a trying ordeal often to a young preacher to have some able preacher frequently in his audience. But this was never true where one preached to this man, who was always the preacher's friend. He seemed always to appreciate the situation and have just the right word to offer at the close of the church service. Instead of one feeling that his immature message was meeting with a cold reception, some passage in the sermon would be particularly referred to as especially helpful. No preacher

ever had a more interested and helpful listener than he who preached to F. M. Rains.

Not only did he encourage his preacher with commendation upon his sermons, but he would invite him over to supper where matters that pertain to the Kingdom, and which are so dear to the heart of every preacher, might be discussed at length.

Just here lies one of the best opportunities that older ministers can offer to young brethren beginning their work. Nothing is so helpful to a young preacher as the friendship of an older man in the ministry whose mind is not closed to new ideas, who will listen patiently and sympathetically to the thoughts that often seem to a young man to be of vital importance to the church, and which he feels the need of making clear even to himself by friendly conference. Many older men have grown to view the work of the church very differently from their early days, yet refrain from giving utterance to these changes of thought, especially from the platform. They may do an inestimable amount of good by their sympathetic listening to the ideas of younger men. By so doing they will be able to correct many of the fanciful notions of the inexperienced and at the same time wisely guide in moulding the thought of a new day. For lack of some such friend doubtless many young men in the ministry fail to develop with the increasing light of the bigger day. F. M. Rains was always on the alert to lend a listening ear to those whom he regarded to be wise and ambitious young men of the church.

In harmony with this expression of his friendship was his interest in the reading of his friends. He read good books, late in date and ideas, and gave them to his friends. How sweet is the association of old books and old friends. Looking over the books on my shelf,

those that came from the hand and the heart of F. M. Rains have a special value now.

It is impossible to think of our national conventions without thinking of F. M. Rains. He loved these gatherings of the brotherhood as places where he met his friends, and where annual forward steps were taken in the work of the Kingdom. He constantly advocated attendance upon these meetings by our preachers. In his judgment if one would get the greatest good out of these inspirational occasions he should be a regular attendant from year to year. To attend some and miss others was to lose touch with the brethren and with the work. Every year was a vital year. No one could afford to miss even one of these gatherings. Furthermore, no church could afford to have a minister who did not attend these conventions. He promoted the plan of having the churches pay the expenses of the pastors on these occasions. He made it a point to see that his own pastor was there, and that his expenses were paid. In order that one might get the best out of these conventions he maintained that one should always be in his seat at all the sessions, and that he should sit well up in front. The farther one sits away from a speaker the less of the speaker's personality reaches one. J. J. Haley tested this for himself after giving up an active pastorate. He said he sat in all parts of the auditorium and found that the farther to the rear he sat the less interest he took in the sermon, the less good he received from the service.

One of the special phases of the friendship of F. M. Rains was particularly noticeable in connection with his work as a secretary of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. His friendliness manifested to the Executive committee was worthy of record. Being a man of strong mind and of convictions he would sometimes defend some position which he had taken so strongly that action

would be deferred for months and sometimes years. Nevertheless, whenever the committee finally decided against him, and his long fight was lost, he would say, "All right, brethren, I am with you." Never, afterward, would he refer to the matter, or remind the committee of what he thought was a mistake. There was no alienation even for a moment between himself and his brethren.

Upon leaving my pastorate in Norwood, after three years' ministry, I asked Brother Rains what advice he had to offer me as working principles for the future. Declaring that what he would say was not to be taken as a criticism he offered three suggestions which he said grew out of many years of observation of preachers.

His first suggestion was, "Be sure always before going into the pulpit or upon any platform to preside over a meeting, that you know absolutely just what is to be done, and the order in which everything is to come, and just what you intend to say."

His second suggestion was, "Do not allow yourself to preach long sermons. Thirty minutes is long enough for any sermon. Many of the best preachers in the brotherhood have handicapped themselves by preaching long sermons. Do not allow the people to mislead you by saying, 'We could have listened an hour longer'."

His third suggestion was, "Do not hesitate to promote advance steps in the program of your church even if you must meet serious opposition. No one ever accomplishes much who does not meet opposition. A minister who seeks to keep peace by pleasing every one, will discover that the progressive people of his church are discontented and they will demand a man who will do things."

I have no doubt that I personally needed this advice, and that he saw that I needed it, but I pass it on, because it has been of great value to me.

In later years there were two other suggestions that ought to be recorded here. One was that a preacher should stay at least ten years in his pastorate.

The other was that our preachers should take a year's leave of absence from their pastorates after having been out of college about fifteen years, and spend the year at one of the large universities, bringing themselves into touch with the best of modern thought, and freshening themselves for future work. A. McLean was of the same conviction, and expressed to the writer the wish to do this himself.

F. M. Rains was the friend of good ideas as well as young preachers. He influenced more than one to spend the summer at some university, and in some instances to spend an entire year there. He was the friend of higher education. The last years of his life found him befriending higher education among the Disciples of Christ, specifically rendering what service he was able to the College of the Bible, of which he was a trustee.

C. R. Stauffer, who has been the efficient pastor of the Norwood, Ohio, church for the past ten years and has led it into fruitful service in that field, writes:

It was a rare privilege that the writer had in being the pastor of F. M. Rains for over seven years in the church at Norwood, Ohio. He was a devoted member and a faithful elder.

While Brother Rains was engaged in the larger interests of the Kingdom and carried many burdens on his heart, he never was too busy or too heavily laden to be interested in the work of the local church. He was helpful in the counsels of the church, practical in his suggestions and faithful in his duties.

Whenever in the city on Wednesday evening he was sure to be in the midweek prayer meeting where his talks were always edifying. If he was in the city on Sunday he was the best listener in the audience. If the pastor preached a good sermon he was hearty in his expression of appreciation. If there was something that needed criticising he did it in the spirit of love and was always helpful to his minister.

The hospitality of his home was often extended and the spirit of that home made it a place where the minister and his family delighted to be. His loyalty to his pastor was an inspiration at all times, for he was a real friend.

His keen mind and broad experience as a leader in the work of the Kingdom made him a most helpful adviser on many matters. He always gloried in the achievements of the local church and did his best to make it one of the best in the brotherhood. He radiated a Christlike spirit through his devotion to the Kingdom beginning in the local church and extending around the world. The secret of his leadership in the larger work is to be somewhat accounted for through his devotion to the church which he loved.

One of the well-known laymen among the Disciples of Christ is J. H. Fillmore, of Cincinnati, Ohio, music writer and publisher. As a friend and neighbor he contributes the following:

It was my good fortune to have Mr. Rains a near neighbor for twelve or fifteen years before his death. We lived just across the street from each other and for most of the time were fellow elders in the Norwood Christian Church.

I had known of and about Mr. Rains ever since he had made Cincinnati his headquarters. but our intimate

acquaintance began when we became neighbors. From that time on we were constantly together when he was at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Rains were hospitable people. Most of the time they were entertaining in their home, either missionaries or ministers or relatives or friends. They seemed never so happy as when they were entertaining.

My personal friendship with Mr. Rains grew to boundless proportions as the years came and went. We did not always agree in our opinions, and to me therein lay the uniqueness of our comradeship. We were both rather radical in our temperament and belief, and our discussions were sometimes quite violent, but like children, when the subject changed we were more friendly than ever. Our mutual esteem far outweighed our differences.

This was the one illuminating friendship of my experience. Our discussions at times were quite bitter, yet always resulted in solidifying our friendship. To illustrate, Brother Rains speaking once to our church congregation, said: "Brother Fillmore and I agree upon only one thing, and that is our minister, Brother Stauffer."

Brother Rains was a loyal supporter of his preacher and his church. He was faithful in his attendance, even when worn out from work or travel. He would drag himself to church when his physician would advise his staying abed. He was a great source of good cheer, stimulation, and inspiration to the church by his presence.

Brother Rains was a great reader and student. He was a subscriber to the best church papers and magazines; he bought all the best books on religious and social questions as they were announced. These he read with great interest and satisfaction, thus he kept up with modern thought; it was a great enjoyment to him, yet he never swerved from what is called "our plea."

Brother Rains was a remarkable man, industrious, individualistic—a religious genius; a leader among men, performing a great task for the Disciples that only he could have performed, energetic, resourceful; he literally wore himself out in the service of the church.

Mr. Rains was a friend not only to pastors and churches but to every institution and organization of the Disciples of Christ, one evidence being a bequest to every one of them. The College of the Bible at Lexington, Kentucky, had a large place in his affections.

R. H. Crossfield, now President of William Woods College, Fulton, Missouri, and who made a signal success as President of Transylvania College and the College of the Bible, writes as follows:

In the early days of June, 1878, Francis Marion Rains received his diploma from the College of the Bible, Lexington, Kentucky, "With all the rights, honors and perquisites thereunto appertaining," as runs the academic formula, and from that day until the end of an eventful life he never failed to magnify his Alma Mater and to glorify the gospel ministry in a manner befitting a great soul striving to invest itself in a continuous and far-reaching service for the Master.

Before entering the college at Lexington, already famed wherever the Disciples of Christ were known, Mr. Rains had received college preparatory training in Harrisburg (Kentucky) Academy and in Columbia (Kentucky) Christian College. His college experience was characterized by a warmth and geniality of spirit that won for him high praise in the esteem of student body and faculty members, and by a passion for service that

found expression in numerous activities, particularly that of ministering in uncared for communities.

Many traditions are still extant in Woodford and Grant Counties of how this youthful Barnabas gave his utmost strength to the enlargement of the church, and how he traveled, on foot at times, from house to house, exhorting with all long-suffering and doctrine those of the Laodicean type and urging old and young to make Kingdom interests their chief concern.

The success attending his evangelistic campaigns was beyond that of many of the more mature and experienced students, and it became apparent that he possessed peculiar gifts in the high art of fishing for men. He had but one theme, the Fatherhood of God, and the need of every individual for that love that found expression in Jesus Christ. He learned well the simple Gospel story under the guidance of that triumvirate of the Disciples, Graham, Grubbs and McGarvey, and told it with a fervor and expertness that won immediate and lasting results.

Critical questions, such as those touching inspiration, authorship, and so forth, had not then found place in the college curriculum, just as the scientific approach to truth in other areas had not become the established order. But F. M. Rains continued his education after leaving the classroom, becoming a discriminating reader of the best contemporaneous religious thought. On one occasion, he remarked to me that one of the richest blessings of his life came through an intimate acquaintance with Lyman Abbott through the columns of the *Outlook*. He was equally well acquainted with the writings of Marcus Dods, James Orr, and men of that scholarly type. Such breadth of view enabled him easily to make the necessary adjustment to the ever enlarging areas of knowledge and experience, and to live comfortably in an expanding

world where new light is constantly breaking for the guidance of human feet.

In the early part of 1903, while filling with marked success the position of Financial Secretary of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, President McGarvey approached him with the personal request that he give his consent to become a trustee of the College of the Bible. Out of a deep affection for the College and Brother McGarvey, he accepted this responsibility in June, 1903. Until the time of his death, Brother Rains discharged the office of Trustee with singular fidelity and intelligent interest, attending almost every meeting of the Board over a long period of years.

But it was during the last few years of his life that an opportunity was afforded him of making his largest contribution to the welfare of the institution. While exceeded by no one in his loyalty to the administration of President McGarvey, for whom he entertained a great affection, he was likewise loyal to the succeeding administration, believing that it had a peculiar responsibility to discharge in the light of the increasing problems of modern times.

During the period of controversy following the appointment of Professors A. W. Fortune, W. C. Bower and E. E. Snoddy, Brother Rains gave loyal and discriminating support to the policy adopted by the faculty, and to those scholarly and self-giving men of God who for a time suffered almost apostolic persecution.

His was a big mind that refused to be closed, always seeking for the light from whatever quarter; a large heart that beat with devotion to the cause of the Kingdom; and an indefatigable spirit that burned out in splendid service for our Lord.

One of the chief concerns of Brother Rains was that the College have adequate financial resources in order that the teaching staff might receive proper pecuniary

recognition, and that the ever expanding program of the College might be carried forward without debt. In addition to directing students to the College, he constantly sought men who were able to contribute to its support.

When the will of Brother Rains was probated it was discovered that he had bequeathed a goodly part of his modest estate to the permanent endowment of the College of the Bible. Today he lives in the life and life-giving of the institution he loved to serve, and so shall he live through the generations to come.

The following letters coming near the close of his life from friends of long standing brought great cheer to his heart and show the high regard in which he was held by the brethren at large.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

December, 1918.

My Dear Brother Rains:

In the days between Christmas and New Year I find a real blessing each year in thinking gratefully of my friends, and especially those men and women who have through the year, added to my store of faith and hope and love. You will experience no surprise when my thoughts turn to you as for last year, and on back and back, you have helped me at times you knew not of. I thank you.

Wishes are not made of very tangible stuff—but, after all, the unseen things, the doings of the heart are the things that count. My heart is in my new year wishes for you and Mrs. Rains. May God give you both a year full of the real riches.

Sincerely your friend,

R. E. Elmore.

November 4, 1918.

F. M. Rains,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Brother Rains:

No letter among the many I have received since coming to Detroit has pleased me more than yours of October 29th. It means more to me than you can know. I left Cincinnati without saying "Good-by" to anyone. I shook hands with the members of the Executive Committee at the last meeting but not to say "Good-by." It was with intention that I slipped away without formalities. In the first place it is hard for me to say "Good-by" on any occasion. Then I do not feel in this case that I am parting with the work or the workers in the Missionary Societies. I hope to keep a close connection with both.

I hope for opportunities to go to Cincinnati and meet with the Committees. My heart is in the general work and I love the devoted men and women who are engaged in extending the bounds of the Kingdom. You cannot know, Brother Rains, how much I admire the courage and persistence with which you have enlarged the work of the Foreign Society during the difficult years. The work some of the rest of us have done has been easier because of the great foundations laid by men like yourself. Some of the later undertakings have been more spectacular and have had more attention and some of us have received recognition beyond our deserving. But the larger things have been made possible because you have borne the heat and burden of labor and criticism. I feel like a thief when I am praised for the very small contribution I have been able to make. It has been far beneath what I hoped for myself. I want you to know that I fully appreciate your own great part in all that has given our beloved brotherhood even an approachably worthy part in the splendid enterprises of the day.

I regret that there has not been more time for personal fellowship. That would have enriched my life. But I have watched with anxious concern your struggle for health. I have seen the agony in your life that you might add yet more and more to the splendid years of your service. Even when others have felt you ought to take the earned rest you have hoped and fulfilled hope that you might yet return to the battle. It has all been a great inspiration to me.

I shall hope for many opportunities to see you and hear you. I shall want you to visit me and the church here that we may gain from your own zeal for the Kingdom. I want this to be an increasingly great missionary church.

Affectionately yours,

R. H. Miller.

December 19, 1918.

Rev. F. M. Rains,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

My dear Brother Rains:

I am enclosing you a copy of the second edition of your tract* which is just from the press. We are receiving from day to day calls for this tract and we have gotten out another edition of 5,000 copies. This is without doubt one of the best statements ever put out by the Disciples regarding the unity of the church. It has taken with both the Disciples and the other communions. When this second edition is exhausted we will get out the third. I thank you with all my heart for what you have said in this little tract.

May the Lord's blessing rest abundantly upon you.

Your friend,
Peter Ainslie.

*Disciples of Christ and Christian Union.

Study, May 12, 1919.

Rev. F. M. Rains, LL.D.,
Norwood, Ohio.

Dear Brother Rains:

News comes to me that you are regaining though slowly some portion of your former physical strength and I rejoice in it. May you continue to do so! As I have written to you before we need men like you in the church and in this stricken world. Your brothers in the ministry need you—you have cheered and inspired us—and cheer and inspiration are a vast wealth—an incalculable wealth. We are greedy—we covet more of these—we wish to look to you for great measures of them as we have been wont to do. For myself, I am profoundly grieved at your protracted illness and incapacity for all your accustomed and significant work. I should find it hard to tell you how much I have loved and trusted you and how unfailingly you have justified me in doing so—may the Lord somehow show to you what you have meant to me and hosts of others and may the vision give you something of added disposition and power to us still, if not otherwise then with years of ripened counsel—you are prayed for here and not by me alone.

With all good wishes for you and Sister Rains—what a lovely woman she is!—and others who are dear to you,
I am,

Your friend,
Harry D. Smith.

Moberly, Mo., March 31, 1919.

Dear Brother and Sister Rains:

I just got your address from Mrs. Noel and want to throw you both a line of hopeful interest and love—I trust every day will see you in better health and looking forward to renewed strength and power. You have done such a heavy work and lifted all the time the burdens of

the churches that you surely deserve a rest and a quiet time to gather yourself together again. I shall be glad to know you are gaining.

I was just thinking of the old days at Cincinnati when we used to lunch together with J. A. Lord and the brethren dwelt together in unity. I remember the real fellowship of those days with pleasure yet—and your never failing good humor was no small part of it. You have had a royal fellowship in all your ministerial life—from Kansas to this day and your heart should be so full of the love of the thousands who love you and honor you for your work's sake.

Yours in bond,
B. L. Smith.

Lexington, Ky., May 5, 1919.

Dear Brother Rains:

I am sorry to hear that you have been very sick. It makes me feel that one both intimate and dear is ailing. You have been so active, vigorous and devoted to the interests of the Kingdom of Christ when well, that now the Master's hand is laid gently upon the strings of your harp to rest them from vibration.

One who has thrilled others may now hear the echo of his music. He for whom you have so long been speaking is now speaking to you. May the "Meek and Lowly" reveal and give to you His rest. This life is a school as well as a pulpit, a parish and a workshop. Your outward wings may be clipped for a season but your inward pinions grow day by day.

You will be glad to know that Broadway Church, on yesterday, raised \$83,000 to pay a debt of \$75,000. Brother Snively conducted the campaign.

Trusting you are feeling better and that the very best of life's blessings may come to you and your good wife.

Very cordially yours,
I. J. Spencer.

Springfield, Ill., May 6, 1919.

Mr. F. M. Rains,
Norwood, Ohio.

My Dear Brother Rains:

It is with much regret that I learn of your indisposition, but with pleasure I learn of your gradual improvement. I have been so fortunate from the health standpoint during all my ministry that I presume I hardly appreciate what it means to be indisposed for any length of time. Yet, I know that to one who has been as active as yourself for so many, many years it must be a source of pain not to be at the task. You may rest assured that, not only your associates in the Foreign Board, but also your preacher brothers throughout the land will want you to take all the time necessary for recuperation.

Ever since I began preaching (nineteen years ago) I remember your leadership and inspiration most kindly. I am now about the mid-time of life where I think I can the more appreciate leadership than I would then. In some small way, I know something of the tremendous drain incident to it as well as the unbounded joys accruing from it.

My prayers and best wishes are yours for a permanent recovery.

Your brother in service,

Wm. F. Rothenburger.

May 14, 1919.

Enid, Oklahoma.

Mr. F. M. Rains,
Norwood, Ohio.

My Dear Brother Rains:

I learned through Brother Harry D. Smith that you are back home and have not been feeling at all well, but am glad to know that you are improving and I hope by the time you receive this letter that you are very much better indeed. No doubt, Mrs. Rains is seeing to it that

you are being properly looked after and not exposing yourself. It is mighty hard, I know, for a man who has been as active in service as you not to attempt to do work when he is unable; but you are too useful and important a man in the brotherhood to make any mistake, so be as careful as you can and get well as fast as you can for we need you.

I count it one of the great joys of my life to have had the opportunity to have known you and to have been associated with you in a small way. It was always a great thing to me to be in your presence and I know of the influential things you have accomplished in the interest of the missionary propaganda of the world. I think no man of the Disciples of Christ has done more. I wish you were able to come down to Enid and make us a visit, it would cheer all of our hearts and be of great strength and inspiration to the school.

We are progressing I think in a very fine way with an enrollment of over 1,000 students. One of the greatest assets, if not the greatest asset in recent years, to Phillips University has been Brother Harry D. Smith. He is a wonderful teacher and there is no need for me to say to you that he is a superior man. He wields a tremendous influence upon the young ministers of the University.

Hoping again that you are improving rapidly and with very best wishes to you and Mrs. Rains, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

T. T. Roberts.

CHAPTER NINE

THE CLOSE OF HIS MINISTRY

The preceding chapters have shown F. M. Rains as an active, determined, intelligent servant of God. His ministry from earliest manhood was never interrupted save during those short periods which nature demanded that he might recuperate from the effects of overtaxed strength due to his arduous labors. Never once did the lure of the world's commerce, with all its promise of wealth and power cause his footsteps to falter. With a deep and abiding faith, pointing his face Godward, he caught that perspective of life which Jesus wished for all men when he said, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." Every other interest was subordinate to that of Kingdom building. Yet with all that consecration of life and concentration of effort he manifested a vital interest in the progress of manhood in every form of endeavor. After a strenuous day in the office with its exacting and nerve wearing duties, he would anticipate his evening at home. Here, after the evening meal with his family he would read the day's mail, the evening paper, several church papers, or perhaps a portion of some new book. He loved books—good books, lately written books—and he brought one or more home so frequently that it was a prob-

lem where to put them. After this period of browsing in the intellectual field he found complete relaxation in a game of checkers or flinch. This was his favorite pastime, and how he would joke and laugh and sing some little ditty remembered from boyhood!

He had that active mind which found contentment only in purposeful effort. He was a great lover of nature and often in his reminiscent or humorous moods would refer to the persimmon tree, the huckleberry and the briar bush. One of his morning clarion calls for the boys was, "Get up, go down and wash your face in the brook, climb a persimmon tree and eat your breakfast!" On summer evenings just before twilight or early in the morning, he delighted in wandering over the lawn with a pocket knife in hand extracting the dandelions. He took pride in young trees which he had placed in the yard and watched their growth with great interest.

It has been said that Mr. Rains was an individualist. This characteristic manifested itself in certain unconventionalities, inimitable voice, and physical mannerisms. While always showing due courtesy, he fell in with the spirit of every occasion and exercised a freedom of manner which in many others would have been a violation of good etiquette. His impulse was to do what seemed to him the natural thing without regard to what other people might think. This, in most instances,

won him friends. Those who have heard his platform utterances, know how his accentuation of the most common words secured attention and made lasting impressions. If talking about some new, far-reaching program, he would draw out some such word as "enlargement," with an accumulative volume of utterance. He knew how to make dry wit out of the most commonplace experiences. His humorous vein found expression on the most common and serious occasions, and was reenforced by a certain whimsical look and snap of the eyes quite peculiar to himself. While Mr. Rains did not think it necessary for a preacher to be either foppish or clerical in his dress, he did believe that he should be well groomed and is quoted as saying, "It would be a good thing for some preachers to black their boots and put on a clean collar at least once a quarter." He was very particular about the cleanliness and neatness of his own attire. He bought good clothes and wore them a long time.

Mr. Rains took few people into his confidence concerning his personal affairs. He planned his finances with loyalty to certain well established principles of thrift and supervised all such matters carefully. From the first year of his marriage, when he was receiving \$800.00 a year and throughout his life during which time his salary never exceeded \$3,000.00, he saved systematically. Although a liberal contributor to every good cause, he was able on a moderate salary by wise invest-

ments to provide a perpetual income for his wife and to leave certain gifts to college and missionary causes which were dear to his heart.

One of his greatest problems was a quick temper, but he never let the sun go down without doing everything a man could do to atone for the hastily spoken word. He loved every member of his household and folks generally, too much to cause sorrow. On one occasion when Paul was about fourteen years of age, he became irritated over some matter and struck him across the back with a copy of the *Youth's Companion*, folded in the mailing wrapper. A short time afterward he apologized in the most manly way to his youngest son, with as much humility and dignity as might have been addressed to a man of his own age. It is needless to say that Paul discovered a new admiration for his father.

When his namesake, Francis Marion, Jr., the son of Ernest, was two and a half years of age, he visited his grandfather. One day Mr. Rains attempted to discipline him as he had his own children, by turning the high chair away from the table when he refused to stop crying. The boy stopped instantly, but it could be seen that he was very angry, as he looked up at his granddaddy, his black eyes flashing, and he said, "Now, ain't you ashamed of yourself?" This was one occasion when Mr. Rains had no answer ready. He was completely routed by his young grandson.

Mr. Rains loved his children dearly. However, he was prevented by the very nature of his work from having that close fellowship with them which he desired and which they needed. It will be remembered that Elva, his only daughter, died at the early age of ten. Ernest, when seventeen years old, went to Texas for his health and established himself permanently in the south. Paul left home for college at the same age. Mr. Rains spent most of his Sundays in dedications. One of the prices he paid for the great missionary service he rendered was the lack of a closer contact with his family. He loved and cherished his last wife dearly. Coming into the home when the youngest child was but three years of age, she quickly grew into their affection. Throughout the years she has occupied that place in the hearts of the boys which only a true mother could claim. Among the few utterances which Mr. Rains was able to make during those last days as life slowly slipped away were words of praise for her tender ministrations.

That he followed his children with loving interest is shown by the following extracts from letters written to Paul after he began work with the American Christian Missionary Society:

Cincinnati, Ohio, August 16, 1917.

Dear Paul:

Do your own careful thinking. Stand square and solid on the integrity of the Bible and upon Jesus Christ as the Son of God, and remember that there is a lost world and that only Jesus Christ can save it. Hang to Jesus

Christ, and hang to his commandments. The world does not need new things preached to it so much as it needs the old common things emphasized and reenforced.

I am going down to New Liberty (Kentucky) Saturday. I will preach one sermon on "Immortality" as you request.

Affectionately, your father,

Jacksonville, Florida.

November 17, 1917.

Dear Paul:

My health is improving right along. I am getting so stout that I can speak two or three times a day and travel in between. I say, you will have to get up and dust if you keep up with the old man. You kids don't know much about work yet! I hear good things about you and your work. * * *

Lexington, Kentucky.

May 15, 1918.

Dear Paul:

* * *

I note what you say about the poems. I think they are good and I enjoyed them and am proud of you. Don't get too poetical, but don't be afraid even of poetry. * * *

Cincinnati, Ohio.

November 12, 1918.

Dear Paul:

Let me particularly recommend that you take pains about good warm clothing this winter in that very severe climate. See that you are well fitted out with warm underwear especially, and see also that your overcoat is a warm one. Keep your feet warm. Provide yourself with good warm socks and in your travels guard yourself against exposure to the cold as much as possible.

I have not been very well for some days. I suffer a

good deal as you know with my back. I get along like an old stiff horse, but the weather is beautiful now and I am hoping for better things. * * *

Norwood.

Nov. 18, 1919.

Dear Paul:

Congratulations upon the safe arrival of the young man of much name! We inclose him \$5.00 to pay his income tax for five years!

As ever,
F. M. Rains.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

December 31, 1918.

My dear son Paul:

The old year is passing. How short it seems to have been! What mighty things have taken place! A new year is here tomorrow. May it be a happy and useful year to all of us.

Last Sunday I spoke three times at Akron, Ohio. Next Sunday I aim to be at Janesville, Wisconsin. I can do little office work.

Hope both of you will keep well. Take good care of yourselves when it is cold.

Affectionately your father,

No one knew quite as well as the members of his own family with what abandon he threw himself into his work as a secretary of foreign missions. He was a man of broad vision and deep sympathies. No one could have been more sanely optimistic. The mission fields and the missionaries were constantly on his mind. He spent many restless nights thinking about their problems. Some-

times when troubled over an unusual situation he would walk the floor or would dress in the middle of the night and go to his study for meditation and prayer. When Mr. Rains accepted gifts aggregating \$25,000 from John D. Rockefeller for foreign missions, *The Christian Standard* bitterly criticized him and the Society. This was the beginning of continual criticism and opposition on the part of this paper, which caused unfounded suspicion and distrust among the brethren. Mr. Rains was not concerned for himself except as he feared that it would embarrass the growth of the cause into which he was pouring his life. The growing emphasis and support which the church gave its foreign missionary task was sufficient testimony of the faithful stewardship of Mr. McLean and Mr. Rains. Furthermore, the confidence of the brotherhood in the leadership of these men was manifested by their unanimous election each succeeding year.

Mr. Rains placed a high value on the church conventions. There were very few national conventions which he did not attend, since the Cincinnati Convention of 1874. He knew convention psychology. There was no better master of ceremonies in the brotherhood. In his inimitable manner he often turned discouraging situations into victory. It was at the Los Angeles Convention of 1915 that he was made Secretary Emeritus. The Des Moines Convention of 1916 was the last one he

was permitted to attend. *The Christian-Evangelist* of October 19, 1916, reports as follows:

When F. M. Rains declared that his report was "the best the Society has ever presented in the forty-one years of its existence" and when it was learned that \$522,617, \$100,000 more than any previous year, had been received, President McLean could no longer suppress cheering. It was too great a strain on an audience of Disciples. It looked as if the chairman himself wished to clap his hands, though he refrained. But his frown looked very much like a smile.

A pleasant interpolation was the presentation of a loving cup to F. M. Rains in a few appropriate words by C. H. Winders, of Indianapolis, on behalf of the office force and executive committee, as an expression of the good will of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. Doubtless every person present wished he might have had direct part in this token, so happily conceived, so truly merited.

In 1917 he did not feel equal to the physical demands involved by attendance upon a national convention. Instead therefore, of going to Kansas City, he filled a number of speaking engagements in the south. In the fall of 1918 he went to St. Louis, but the convention was not held on account of the influenza epidemic.

In the latter part of January, 1919, he started on a speaking trip through the South, visiting the churches at Knoxville, Tenn., Jacksonville, St. Petersburg and Miami, Florida. On January 30th he wrote to his son Paul from Cincinnati as follows:

My dear Boy:

I am off tomorrow for the South. Will be gone from four to six weeks. Hope you and Clara will keep that part of the world level while I am gone. I am feeling pretty well. Had a big day last Sunday at Owensboro, Kentucky. Your mother feels that she will get a little lonesome but she has so many irons in the fire, I think she will keep busy. Keep yourself warm. This has been a remarkable winter for good weather. Sincere love to both of you.

Affectionately your father,

Mr. W. A. Harp of St. Petersburg wrote to A. McLean as follows:

We had Brother Rains with us Sunday and he gave us a great address in the morning but at night he was not able to speak. He came to us in a terrible condition, weak, sick, broken, and awfully yellow, and terribly anemic, but we took the best care of him we could and his voice was better and he seemed more natural when he left. He will attempt to speak at Miami next Sunday against the doctor's orders, but he will have to give up for some months and rest, for he is about "all in." It hurt us to see him looking and feeling so bad, but I believe that with care, he will improve, though Dr. Woods of Cleveland said just by looking at him, he would never be better. He had a great house of the finest people on earth from all over the United States and they were glad to hear him. I write you that someone might know the real situation. He has sent for Mrs. Rains to join him in Miami.

After reaching Miami, Mr. Rains was not able to speak again until the first Sunday in March. During an eight weeks' stay he was confined to his bed the greater part of the time. The following letters which he wrote to his associates in the For-

eign Society during this period represent his condition:

Miami, Florida.

February 25, 1919.

Brethren Corey, Wilson, Plopper and others,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Brethren:

First of all, let me thank you for your very cordial and brotherly letters. These are real sources of strength and encouragement to me and to Mrs. Rains. I appreciate them more than I can tell you.

I think I wrote one of you that I had almost entirely lost my voice, and a very reputable physician, Dr. Adamson, of Tampa, insisted that I quit speaking for a month or two at least. Having an engagement here I decided to stay at least until the first of May. I spoke only once at St. Petersburg, and under great embarrassment. I could speak only above a whisper. I supposed my trouble was a cold but the doctor told me my hoarseness was owing to the condition of my blood. He said my blood was in bad shape, lacking in iron and irregular. He made a thorough test.

We have rented a small apartment and are comfortably situated. I am already feeling some better. The weather is very warm. I am giving my attention to building up my strength. I may say that since I talked with Dr. Adamson I have conferred with two other physicians, a Dr. Barnes of Miami, and Dr. Crawford of Illinois, and they agree with Dr. Adamson in diagnosis and treatment.

Of course I am greatly disappointed to be laid up in this way at this time, but I am doing what seems to be the only thing I can do. I did not speak here last Sunday, not having sufficient strength, but I am planning to speak next Sunday a little while and then will not undertake to speak again until about the first of May at least.

I have canceled my engagements at Valdosta and Augusta, Georgia.

The situation here is very congenial. Brother (Ira) Adams is very attentive and kind to me. There are a number of people here whom I know, Mr. and Mrs. Bowman of New York; Dr. and Mrs. Crawford of Eureka, Illinois; Mr. and Mrs. Pounds of Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Sala of Canton, Ohio; President and Mrs. Cramblet of Bethany, West Virginia, and many others. The weather and climate are ideal. If I do not improve here my situation, it would seem, is hopeless. But I feel assured that in the course of two weeks or a month I will be better and will improve right along. I am very anxious to give at least five or six years more to the Society, if the Lord wills.

I rejoice in the good word I have from all of you and from the missionaries. I trust that we may have a great year, and that we will have plenty of money to support the work and find many new candidates for the field. I am trusting that Brother McLean's trip to Mexico was not too hard on him.

I need hardly tell you that I have full confidence that you are all laboring to the very best advantage for the growth and expansion of the work of the Society. May God give you all great wisdom and preserve your health and make the Society a mighty force in the world.

I know you brethren will understand how I am pressed for strength and will accept this letter as one intended for each of you. With great affection for all in the office, I remain,

Most cordially yours,
F. M. Rains.

February 28, 1919.

My Dear Brother Plopper:

I have no doubt everything is being done that can be done for the March offering. Somehow this time of the

year I feel a little nervous about it always. I suppose that is the law of habit.

I am very glad you are hearing from Brother McLean. Tell him to write me when he returns. Tell him I am doubled up here doing everything I can to get strong.

I am very glad to report to you that Mrs. Rains is a source of a great deal of help to me in writing my letters and looking after my affairs.

Miami, Florida.

March 3, 1919.

Dear Brethren:

I spoke here yesterday thirty minutes. I was quite weak but my voice was very good. I was able to speak only once. We had a very good crowd and representatives of our people from many different states.

I suffer no pain at all, but I am weak. I suppose it was a little imprudent to speak yesterday morning but I was afraid the people would get away to their homes, and I would not have an opportunity to address them.

Miami, Florida.

March 5, 1919.

Dear Bishop:

I received your card from Mexico and your letter from Cincinnati. I thank you for both of them. It is good to know that you are back safe and sound. I have no doubt you learned much about the situation in Mexico and I am quite sure that good things will come out of your conferences.

I am feeling some better, I think. I am not strong. When I walk up one flight of stairs I am almost completely exhausted. When I walk three or four blocks I am tired out but feel that my stay will do me good. My present thought is to remain here until about the first of May. In the meantime I shall not make any engagements, I think. I believe it my first duty to try to build up my blood and

regain my strength. This I think I will do. Mrs. Rains is a great comfort and help to me.

Miami, Florida.

March 10, 1919.

Beloved Brethren:

You ask about my health. I am making some progress but it is slow. * * * I am making the best fight I know to get back my strength. My great ambition is to do some more work before I pass on.

I do hope the March offering is proving a great success. I hope you can send me a comparative statement for the first fifteen days of March.

Most cordially yours,

F. M. Rains.

Miami, Florida.

March 17, 1919.

The past week has been a disappointing one. I have been here in this room flat on my back for six days. I have been quite sick part of the time. I am about as yellow as when I returned from Japan. It all grows out of the condition of my blood, the doctor says. I have been exceedingly fortunate in having the daily visitation of Dr. Crawford of Eureka, Illinois. He is a fine physician, and his sympathy and suggestions have been invaluable. He has done me a lot of good and I shall not soon forget his kindness and helpfulness. I must also testify to the constant attention of Brother Adams, the minister of the church. He has been to see me every day and many friends have shown great kindness.

I am hoping and praying for better health and I am doing everything in my power to that end. I trust the good Father for recovery if it is his will. It looks strange that one under this Italian sky, by this beautiful blue ocean, with these delightful trees and numerous and fragrant flowers should be obliged to occupy a small room,

flat on his back. I am offering no note of complaint. My wife is doing everything in her power for my recovery and it was exceedingly fortunate that she came to me.

F. M. Rains.

Miami, Florida.

March 19, 1919.

Dear Bishop:

The *World Call* has been received, and I thank you more than I can express for your appreciation of my poor effort in the world. I wish I might have done more, and I am especially desirous of doing more now.

I am still in bed. I hope all is going well. I should like to know the progress that is being made in uniting the societies and if any breakers have developed, what they are.

Miami, Florida.

March 24, 1919.

I am some better, I rejoice to report. I am sitting up part of the time. I took a short auto ride yesterday. I am hoping to get along. I am sorry not to be in the contest for the March offering.

Miami, Florida.

March 30, 1919.

Our plan is to leave here next Tuesday night and be in Cincinnati Thursday morning about nine o'clock. I am going home because I feel much better at home and besides I am very weak and am hoping to get stronger by the change, though I have every possible comfort here.

Arriving at Cincinnati April 10, he was confined to his bed for several weeks. His life being despaired of, the two boys, Ernest and Paul, were sent for. Their presence seemed to give him new courage and almost immediately he sufficiently im-

proved so as to be able to get up. Although very feeble, he was able to get around through the following summer. The last article he ever wrote was written the following September and published in an October issue of *The Christian-Evangelist*.

A CONTRAST

The first National Christian Missionary Convention of our people I attended, was held here in Cincinnati in 1874. It made a deep impression upon me. I was only twenty years of age. I have attended about all of the National Conventions since. That convention was forty-five years ago. It was eight years after the death of Alexander Campbell, the first President of the American Christian Missionary Society. It was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Society.

Thinking of the 1874 gathering, I have been contrasting it, as far as I can, with the one that is to be held here in October. That convention was held here in the "Christian Chapel at the corner of Richmond and Cutter Streets." It was a small building. The convention this year will be held in Music Hall, one of the best buildings for such a gathering in the whole country. It is centrally located, easily reached, and the acoustics are almost perfect. You can be heard in this building if you can talk. The women can be heard! It will accommodate 5,000 or more. Many who attended the Jubilee Convention will remember the building.

The attendance in 1874 was small, less than two hundred. Many county and district conventions are larger now. About all present in '74 have passed on to their final reward. There are a few that remain.

W. K. Pendleton, the scholar and eloquent orator, delivered the chief address. It was an interpretation of the missionary situation among our people, and a strong de-

fense of Alexander Campbell's missionary record. Being President of Bethany College, and a successor of Mr. Campbell, the address naturally attracted much attention. He spoke out against those who opposed organic missionary work with clearness and conviction. In that address, President Pendleton said: "Nothing is better known to those familiar with the life and hopes of Alexander Campbell than that among the concerns of deep solicitude with him, this of the organic cooperation of the entire brotherhood for the spread of the gospel, was the most constant and profound. It was in his conversation, in his preaching, in his prayers."

It was at this convention that our Christian Woman's Board of Missions was organized, and it was also at this convention that plans were made for the organization of the Foreign Society, which took place the following year at Louisville. Many of the brethren were very cordial toward the new organization, the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. Isaac Errett offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted: "That this Convention extend to the Christian Woman's Board of Missions their recognition and hearty approval, assured that it opens a legitimate field of activity and usefulness, in which Christian women may be active and successful co-operants of ours in the great work of sending the gospel into all the world. We pledge ourselves to help these women who propose to labor with us in the Lord."

And this reminds me that I have been present at the organization of every board among us, except, of course, the American Christian Missionary Society.

There were differences of opinion among the brethren during the convention, being talked about in a quiet way. As I recall, there were no serious public discussions. One of the topics of interest was the use of the organ in the public worship. Many opposed women talking in public. Mrs. Pearre was on the platform making an address, when

a brother, whom I know well, sat down beside me and said in substance: "What are we coming to? See that woman talking here before all this assembly, when Paul positively prohibits such a practice?" This brother still lives and has since urged many sisters to talk in public.

The growth in the receipts of our missionary work has been nothing less than wonderful. C. W. Plopper, Treasurer of the Foreign Society, often receipts for as much money in a single day as the American Christian Missionary Society receipted for in a whole year, and the same is true of the income of other boards. We have gone beyond the million dollar line for all our work. The total gain last year cheered all hearts. The receipts for ten months of this year amounted to \$1,179,161, a gain of \$315,803. We are encouraged to hope the gain will amount to \$500,000 by September 30th.

At the time of that convention we had no converts or property or missionaries, on all the foreign field. Many of us have witnessed the growth of all the great things wrought by the gospel in all the pagan lands. Our great schools and colleges and hospitals and printing presses and orphanages and farms and industrial plants, have come into being within forty years.

Graves of our loved missionaries are found in all the lands we have cultivated. A number of brave men and women have returned completely broken in health. The experiences of our brotherhood in taking the gospel into the regions beyond have sanctified the churches.

And what wonders have been wrought here in America! Only forty years ago we had one church in Kansas City, which was divided over the organ! We were a feeble folk all the way from the mouth of the Missouri River to its source. Now we are a mighty army. We could hardly be seen in states like Texas and Kansas and Nebraska and Iowa. Now lift up your eyes and behold what has been accomplished.

And you sometimes discouraged brother, think of the men we have produced—men of valor, men of faith, men of the highest character and scholarship, resourceful men—men who are determined to lead on until all the world is Immanuel's land.

Many thousands will be in Cincinnati October 13th to plan for future campaigns. They know, as Mr. Campbell taught, and as the New Testament teaches, that the preaching of the gospel is the one overmastering business of the whole church of God.

Mr. Rains looked forward many months with great anticipation toward attending the sessions of the Cincinnati Convention. The following letter was addressed to Paul and his wife:

Dear Paul and Clara:

Your letter received. Come on as soon as you can. We are going to ask you to occupy your old room on the third floor. We will have other company during the convention.

Let us know the exact time when you will arrive—time of train and road, and we will meet you if we can.

My improvement is very slow. May not be able to attend sessions of the convention.

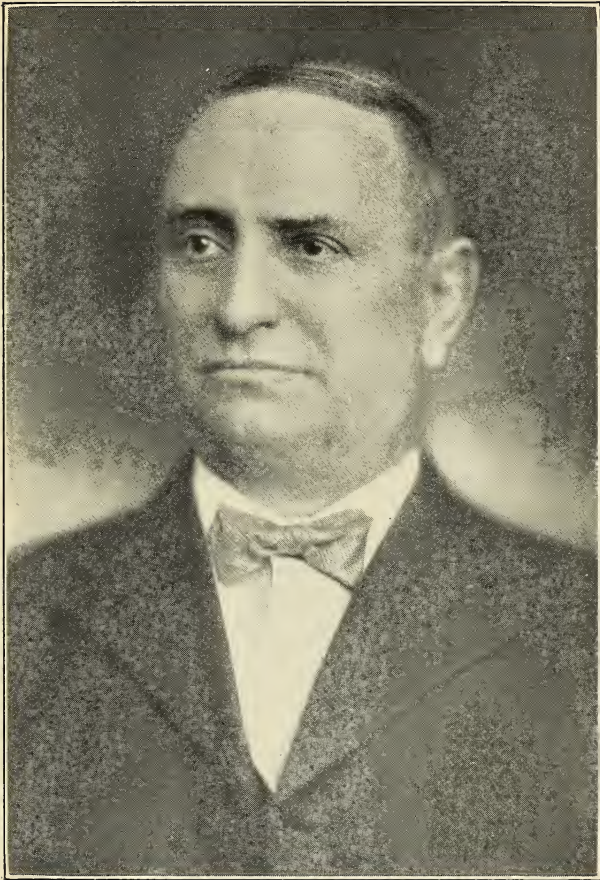
Tell that boy, Gregg, and that country girl, Clara, that they will come to a real city and that they may not know just how to do at first.

Your affectionate father,
F. M. Rains.

On Friday, the day before Paul was to arrive, he was stricken again when attempting to go out to the Ford sedan which he called the "Black Mare." He wanted to go to a barber shop for a shave. The next morning he said, "Two things I

must do today ; one is to go to the barber shop and the other is to go down to the station tonight to meet Paul.' ' However, it was not possible for him to do either. He never again was able to get up, but for nearly two weeks, all during the sessions of the convention and a few days following, lay there while life slowly ebbed away. Saturday night when Paul, his wife, and Gregg, their three months old boy arrived, Mr. Rains was sitting up in bed, and laughed and joked about the baby in much his characteristic way but never after was able to think or act as normally as at that time.

Concerning his life none could more fitly give an account than A. McLean, his comrade in the work for twenty-six years. The following chapter is selected from the funeral sermon which he preached in the Norwood, Ohio, Christian Church.



Taken in 1916 at the Des Moines, Iowa, National Convention

CHAPTER TEN

HE DID GOOD IN ISRAEL

(Selected from the funeral sermon which was later published in the January, 1920, issue of the *World Call*, entitled: "A Record of the Life and Ministry of Francis Marion Rains,"
by Archibald McLean)

And they buried him in the city of David among the kings, because he had done good in Israel, both toward God and toward his house.—2 Chron. 24:16.

Jehoiada, the hero of this passage, was not a king but a priest. In a time of national apostasy he was a political and a religious reformer. He overthrew the idolatrous and murderous queen who had usurped the throne and placed the rightful sovereign upon it. He made a covenant between himself and all the people and the king that they should be the Lord's people. Because of his teaching and influence all the people went to the House of Baal and broke it down and broke his altars and his images in pieces, thoroughly, and slew the priest of Baal before the altars. As long as Jehoiada lived, the king and the people were mindful of their covenant and did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord. Jehoiada did another notable thing. While idolatry was prevalent the house of God was broken up, and the dedicated

things belonging to it were bestowed upon Baalim. At the suggestion of the king, Jehoiada collected large sums of money and repaired the breaches in the house of the Lord, and with the surplus provided vessels of gold and silver wherewith to minister and to offer. The record shows the nation offered burnt offerings in the house of the Lord continually all the days of Jehoiada. One other thing is recorded of this distinguished servant of the Most High God. He restored the temple worship as it had been established centuries before. As a result of these reforms the people of the land rejoiced, and the city was quiet. At the age of one hundred and thirty Jehoiada died, and they buried him in the city of David among the kings. This unprecedented honor was in recognition of his eminent services to Church and State. In this same chapter we read of a degenerate king who died. They buried him in the city of David, but they did not bury him in the sepulchers of the kings. Because of his high crimes he was deemed unworthy of the burial given the good priest.

The text fitly describes the ministry of the good man whom God has taken to himself, Francis Marion Rains did good in our Israel, both toward God and toward his house.

While the work of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society had the first claim upon him, Mr. Rains was interested in every department of the work of the Kingdom. He was an advocate of

every political and every social and every moral reform. He was an advocate of nation-wide and world-wide prohibition, of universal suffrage, and of every other cause that had as its objectives the welfare of humanity and the glory of Christ. In increasing the receipts of the Foreign Society, he made it easier for every other society to increase its receipts. The methods he invented were borrowed by others, and with good results.

Mr. Rains was "given to hospitality." And what a genial and gracious host he was! He was never happier than when he had his friends under his roof and at his table. Most of the missionaries of the Society and missionaries of other societies were entertained by him and Mrs. Rains. He wanted to know the missionaries more intimately, to learn of their problems and needs, and what the Society could do to meet their needs and increase their influence. To missionaries on furlough, and to missionary candidates, a visit in his home was like rivers of waters in a dry place, like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. And because of his hospitality, there are men and women in the fields who were refreshed and heartened by him in his home who will mourn with us when they hear of his departure to be with the Lord.

No one saw Mr. Rains at his best who did not see him in his home. It was there that all the gentleness and tenderness and chivalry of his nature found expression. He loved his wife and chil-

dren with a surpassing love. Canon Kingsley used to say that there was more laughter in his home than in any other home in England. It is safe to say that there were few homes in America in which there was more contagious laughter and more riotous mirth than in the home of our friend. There a guest found what Milton called "jest, and youthful jollity." Mr. Rains was a boy to the last, and it was in his home that the boy side of his nature was seen to the best advantage. But there was another side; his life was not all mirth and gayety. There was a serious element, and that was in evidence also. On the breakfast table there was the New Testament. Before partaking of food, the word of God was read and prayer was offered. When the *Daily Altar* was published he procured a copy and was delighted with it. He used it as long as he was able to go to the table. More than that, he spoke to his friends and visitors of this book and urged them to use it in their family worship. Not only so, but he went before his children in the way of holiness and said to them, "This is the way, walk you in it."

It should be said, and said with emphasis, that Mr. Rains was a genuinely religious man. Strangers were not always impressed with this fact. There was so much fun in his make-up that they thought he was all fun. The fun was there, but the fun was the foam on the surface of the sea. Those who were closest to him and knew him best

appraised him differently, and more justly. He was educated by Robert Graham, Isaiah Grubbs and John W. McGarvey, and was by them instructed in the fundamentals of our holy religion, and from these fundamentals he never departed by so much as a hair's breadth. He held the sovereignty of God, the Deity and Saviorhood and Lordship of Christ, the agency of the Holy Spirit in conversion and sanctification, the inspiration and all-sufficiency of the Scriptures, the observance of the ordinances as given to us, the church as God's instrument to bring in the Kingdom. His reading, and his experiences broadened his horizon and modified some of his early opinions and views, but they did not affect the fundamentals. He kept his mind open to truth from all sources; he was a forward-looking man; in the best sense he was a modern man; but he was as loyal to the faith once for all delivered to the saints as any of his illustrious teachers in the College of the Bible. As the end approached he could make Paul's words his own, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

Mr. Rains loved the Lord, and the Lord's house, and the Lord's people, and the Lord's day. He loved the church, he honored the church, he supported the church. As long as he was able he attended the morning service, the evening service, and the midweek service. He was ever the staunch and loyal friend of the minister in charge. Mr.

Rains was a man of faith and prayer. He read the Bible and guided his life and conduct by its teaching. One of the last things that he asked for was his Bible. Because of the "mortal mist" that covered his eyes he could not read a word of it, but it was a satisfaction to handle the Book of God, the Book whose teaching had made him wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus, the Book he had read and preached for so many years, the Book whose precepts were more precious to him than gold, yea, than much fine gold, that were sweeter than honey and the honeycomb. He fondled and caressed the Holy Book as lovingly as he did his little grandchild a few days before.

Sometimes Mr. Rains was misunderstood and misrepresented. He could not always stop to explain why he did or why he did not do certain things. He had a great work on hand and could not stop for explanations. The soldiers at the Argonne could not stop to explain their movements; had they done so all would have been lost. Some thought him cold and unfeeling. No man was more easily or more deeply touched by a generous deed or a noble sentiment. His eyes would fill, the ground-swell of emotion prevented utterance, and he turned away to hide his tears.

But while some criticised his actions, no one questioned his integrity. He handled millions and gave an account for every penny. He went in and out among the people, and the breath of suspicion

never rested on his name. Like Tennyson's ideal Prince, he ever wore the white flower of a blameless life, in that fierce light that beats upon a public man and blackens every blot. No father could wish for an only son a career more stainless. Mr. Rains had a clean heart, and he lived a clean life. He had troops of friends. In the churches that he dedicated there were those who believed in him absolutely. And so it can be confidently affirmed that honor and love, and the good repute that follows faithful service as its fruit, were his portion. He was loved and he loved in return. He was proud of the religious people of which he was a member. He rejoiced in the principles for which they stood, and believed in their ultimate triumph. A week before his translation, when speaking was difficult, he kept murmuring the phrase, "I love the brethren." That was his thought as the splendors of eternity fell upon him thick and fast, and he caught glimpses of the King in his beauty. He loved the missionaries and wore himself out in his efforts to provide them the equipment they needed for the most successful prosecution of their work. All through his life he loved our ministers and maintained that they constituted the finest body of preachers in the world. He had been in hundreds of their homes, and he spoke what he believed to be God's truth concerning them.

Four years ago, because of the great service which he had rendered, and because of the condi-

tion of his health, the society in convention assembled elected him Secretary Emeritus for life. It was understood that he was free to come and go as he pleased, to do much or little or nothing at all as it suited his taste and convenience. He was grateful for this honor, but he was unwilling to be idle. He wished to live and serve for at least ten years longer. He thought that all that had been done thus far was preparatory, that we are living in the rich dawn of an ampler day and that we are to see larger things, and it was his ambition to have a share in bringing these larger things to pass. While he was weak, he was not an old man either in spirit or in appearance. His father died at the age of eighty-one years, and he saw no reason why he might not live as long as his father. He had no organic disease; he had done the work of three ordinary men, and he died from sheer exhaustion. Measured by the calendar Mr. Rains was comparatively a young man; measured by his achievements he lived longer than the oldest of the Patriarchs. He was eager to live on and to assist in the work of the Society and at the same time he realized that he was in God's hands, and that God knew what is best. At noon on Friday, October 24, 1919, God called him, and like Valiant-for-truth in Bunyan's immortal allegory, he passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

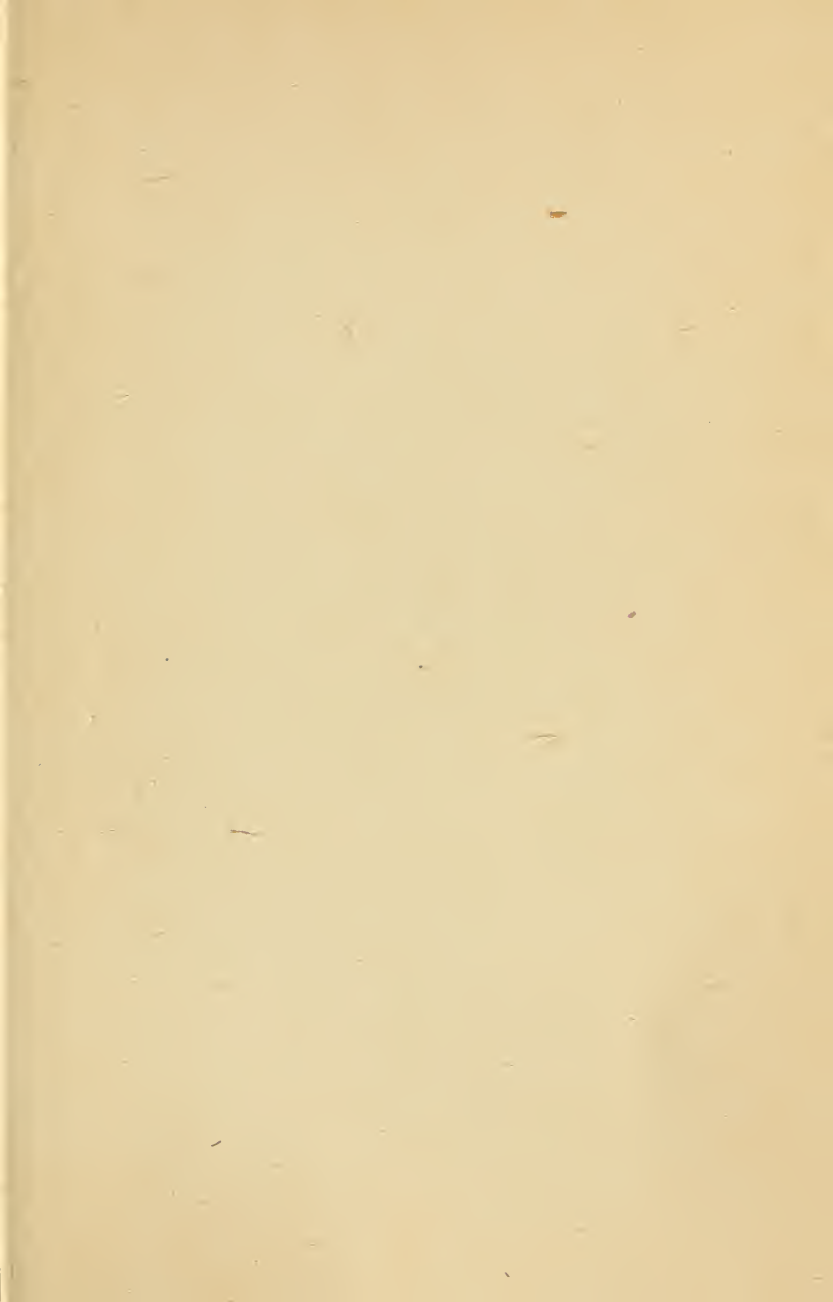
“And they buried him in the city of David among the kings, because he had done good in Israel, both toward God and toward his house.” When Livingstone’s body was brought to England, the nation wished to pay him the highest honor of which it was capable. The supreme honor was a burial in Westminster Abbey. The sentiment of the people expressed itself in the lines:

“Open the Abbey doors, and bear him in,
To sleep with king and statesman, chief and sage,
The missionary come of weaver kin,
But great by work that brooks no lower wage.”

And so the sacred dust of Livingstone rests in Westminster Abbey, the Pantheon of the British Empire, among kings and statesmen, among the greatest men the Empire has produced, the men that fertilized the world with their inventions and discoveries and services.

If among the Disciples of Christ there were a Westminster Abbey, or a Pantheon, or a Hall of Fame, undoubtedly Francis Marion Rains would be assigned a place of highest honor in it, a place among the kings. We have no royal sepulchers. How then can we show our regard for this heroic servant of the king, this mighty missionary leader? We deposit his wasted form in beautiful Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, Ohio, beside those whom he loved long since and lost a while; and we shall enshrine him in our hearts and keep him

there till the walls thereof shall moulder and crumble to dust away, because he did good in Israel, both toward God and toward his house.

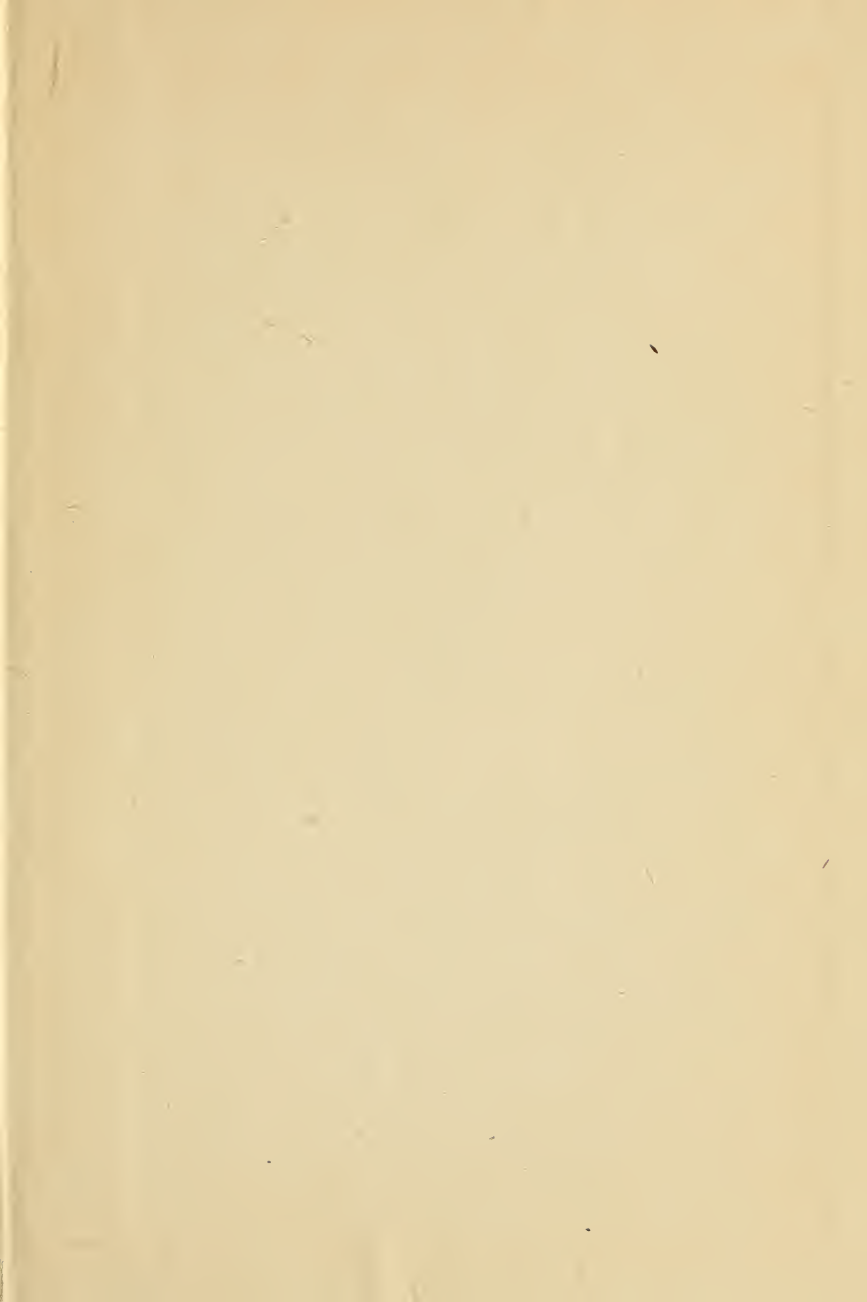


Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2006

Preservation Technology

A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 017 646 567 0

